

SECRET-LOVE,  
OR THE  
Maiden-Queen:

As it is Acted  
By His MAJESTIES Servants  
AT THE  
THEATER ROYAL.

---

Written by  
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

---

*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur ; optimus ille*  
*Qui minimis urgetur.* HORACE.

---

LONDON,  
Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, at the Sign  
of the Anchor, on the lower walk of  
the New-Exchange, 1679.

SECRET-LOVE

OR THE

Maiden-Queen

As it is Acted

By His Majesty's Servants

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

Written by

John Dryden, Esq.

Qui minus ingratum  
Nunc memo fore nescitis: optimus ille  
HORACE

LONDON

Printed by J. N. for Henry Heringman, at the Sign  
of the Anchor, on the lower walk of  
the New-Exchange, 1679.



# PREFACE.

**I**T has been the ordinary practice of the French Poets, to dedicate their Works of this nature to their King, especially when they have had the least encouragement to it, by his approbation of them on the Stage. But I confess I want the confidence to follow their example, though perhaps I have as specious pretences to it for this Piece, as any they can boast of: it having been own'd in so particular a manner by His Majesty, that he has grac'd it with the Title of His Play, and thereby rescued it from the severity ( that I may not say malice ) of its Enemies. But, though a character so high and undeserv'd has not rais'd in me the presumption to offer such a trifle to his most serious view, yet I will own the vanity to say, that after this glory which it has receiv'd from a Sovereign Prince, I could not send it to seek protection from any Subject. Be this Poem then sacred to him without the tedious form of a Dedication, and without presuming to interrupt those hours which he is daily giving to the peace and settlement of his people.

For what else concerns this Play; I would tell the Reader that it is regular, according to the strictest of Dramatick Laws, but that it is a commendation which many of our Poets now despise, and a beauty which our common Audiences do not easily discern. Neither indeed do I value my self upon it, because with all that symmetry of parts, it may want an air and spirit (which consists in the writing) to set it off. 'Tis a question variously disputed, whether an Author may be allowed as a competent judge of his own works. As to the Fabrick and contrivance of them certainly he may, for that is properly the employment of the judgement; which, as a Master-builder may determine, and that without deception, whether the work be according to the exactness of the model; still granting him to have a perfect Idea of that pattern by which he works: and that he keeps himself alwayes constant to the discourse of his judgement, without admitting self-love, which is the false surveyer of his Fancy, to intermeddle in it. These Qualifications granted ( being such as all sound Poets are presupposed to have within them ) I think,

# PREFACE

The Preface.

all Writers, of what kind soever, may infallibly judge of the frame and contexture of their Works. But for the ornament of Writing, which is greater, more various and bizarre in Poets than in any other kind, at it is properly the Child of Fancy, so it can receive no measure, or at least but a very imperfect one, of its own excellencies or failures from the judgement. Self-love (which enters hurriedly into the offices of the judgement) here predominates. And Fancy (if I may so speak) judging of it self, can be no more certain or demonstrative of its own effects, than two crooked lines can be the adequate measure of each other. What I have said on this subject, may perhaps give me some credit with my Readers, in my opinion of this Play, which I have ever valued above the rest of my Follies of this kind: yet not thereby in the least dissenting from their judgement, who have concluded the writing of this to be much inferior to my Indian Emperour. But the Argument of that was much more noble, not having the alloy of Comedy to depress it: yet if this be more perfect, either in its kind, or in the general notion of a Play, 'tis as much as I desire to have granted for the vindication of my Opinion, and what as nearly touches me, the sentence of a Royal judge. Many have imagin'd the Character of *Philotes* to be faulty: some for not discovering the Queens love, others for his joining in her restraint. But though I am not of their number, who obstinately defend what they have once said, I may with modesty take up those answers which have been made for me by my Friends: namely, that *Philotes* who was but a Gentleman of ordinary birth, had no reason to guess so soon at the Queens Passion, she being a person so much above him, and by the suffrages of all her people already destin'd to *Lysimachus*: Besides, that he was prepossessed, (as the Queen somewhere hints it to him) with another inclination, which render'd him less clear-sighted in it, since no man, at the same time, can distinctly view two different objects. And if this, with any shew of reason, may be defended, I leave my Masters the Critics to determine, whether it be not much more conducing to the beauty of my Plot, that *Philotes* should be long kept ignorant of the Queens love, than that with one leap he should

## The Preface.

should have tured into the knowledge of it, and thereby freed himself from the disgust of the Audience, from that pleasing labyrinth of error which was prepar'd for him; As for that other objection of his joining in the Queen's imprisonment, it is indisputably true, that whosoever man, if he examines himself, would have done on the like occasion. If they answer, that it takes from the height of his Character to do it; I would enquire of my over-wise Censors, who told them I intended him a perfect Character, or indeed what necessity was there he should be so, the variety of images being one great beauty of a Play? it was as much as I design'd, to show one great and absolute pattern of honour in my Poem, which I did in the Person of the Queen. All the defects of the other parts being set to show the more to recommend that one Character of virtue to the Audience. But neither was the fault of *Philoetes* so great, if the circumstances be consider'd, which, as moral Philosophy assures us, make the essential differences of good and bad. He himself best explaining his own intentions in his last Act, which was the restoration of his Queen; and even before that, in the honesty of his expressions when he was unavoidably led by the impulsions of his love to do it. That which with more reason was objected as an indecorum, is the management of the last Scene of the Play, where *Celidon* and *Florimel* are treating too lightly of their marriage in the presence of the Queen, who likewise seems to stand idle while the great action of the Drama is still depending. This I cannot otherwise defend, than by telling you I so design'd it on purpose to make my Play go off more smartly; that Scene, being in the opinion of the best judges, the most diverting of the whole Comedy. But though the Artifice succeeded, I am willing to acknowledge it as a fault; since it pleas'd His Majesty, the best Judge, to think it so. I have only to add, that the Play is founded on a story in the *Cyran*, which he calls the Queen of *Corinth*; in whose Character, as it has been affirm'd to me, he represents that of the famous *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*. This is what I thought convenient to write by way of Preface, to the Maiden-Queen; in the reading of which, I fear you will not meet with that

single unbroken satis-

## *The Preface*

Satisfaction which you have had in seeing it on the Stage; the chief parts of it both serious and comick, being performed to that height of excellence, that nothing but a command which I could not handsomely disobey, could have given me the courage to have made it publick.

## *Prologue.*

**H**E who writ this, not without pains and thought,  
From French and English Theaters has brought  
The exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.

### *I.*

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;  
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime  
Of Johnsons humour, with Cornilles rhyme.

### *II.*

But while dead colours he with care did lay,  
He fears his Wit, or Plot he did not weigh,  
Which are the living Beauties of a Play.

### *IV.*

Plays are like Towns, which how ere fortify'd  
By Engineers, have still some weaker side  
By the o're-seen Defendant unespy'd.

### *V.*

And with that Art you make approaches now;  
Such skilful fury in Assaults you show,  
That every Poet without shame may bow.

### *VI.*

Ours therefore humbly would attend your doom,  
If souldier-like, he may have terms to come  
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum.

The Prologue goes out, and stays while a Tune is play'd, after which he returns again.



## Second PROLOGUE.

**I** Had forgot one half, I do protest,  
 And now am sent again to speak the rest.  
 He bows to every great and noble Wit,  
 But to the little Heftors of the Pit  
 Our Poet's sturdy, and will not submit.  
 He'll be before hand with 'em, and not stay  
 To see each peevish Critick stab his Play,  
 Each Pung Censor, who his skill to boast  
 Is cheaply mixing on the Poets cost.  
 No Criticks verdict, should, of right, stand good,  
 They are excepted all as men of blood.  
 And the same Law shall shield them from their fury,  
 Which has excluded Butchers from a Jury.  
 You'd all be Wits ———  
 But writing's tedious, and that's no way to live,  
 The most commendable method will you give,  
 Which you so like, you think your selves to love.  
 When in smart Prologues you are not abus'd.  
 A civil Prologue is approv'd by no man;  
 You hate it as you do a Civil Woman.  
 Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay  
 To have it quicken'd ere you see a Play.  
 Just as old Sinners worn from their delight,  
 Give money to be whip'd by Whippersnits.  
 But what a Pox keep I so much ado  
 To save our Poet? he is one of you;  
 A Brother Judgement, and as I bear say,  
 A curs'd Critick as ere damn'd a Play.  
 Good salvage Gentlemen your own kind spare,  
 He is, like you, a very Wolf or Bear;  
 Yet think not he'll your ancient rights invade,  
 Or stop the course of your free damning Trade,  
 For he, (he vows) at no friends Play can sit,  
 But he must needs find fault to shew his Wit:  
 Then, for his sake ne'r stint your own delight;  
 Throw boldly, for he sets to all that write;  
 With such he ventures on an even lay,  
 For they bring ready Money into Play.  
 Those who write not, and yet all writers nick,  
 Are Bankrupt Gamesters, for they damn-on tick.

# The Persons.

**Queen of Sicily**—*Mrs Marshall*  
**Candiope, Princess of the Blood**—*Mrs Queen*  
**Asteria, the Queens Confident**—*Mrs Knap*  
**Florimel, A Maid of Honour**—*Mrs Ellen Gwyn*  
**Flavia, another Maid of Honour**—*Mrs Frances Davenport*  
**Olinda,** } *Mrs Rutter*  
**Sabina,** } *Mrs Eliz. Davenport*  
**Sisters.**  
**Melissa, Mother to Olinda and Sabina**—*Mrs Cory*  
**Lysimantes, first Prince of the Blood**—*Mr. Bart*  
**Philocles, the Queens favourite**—*Major Mohun*  
**Celadon, a Country**—*Mr. Hart*  
**Guards.**  
**Pages of Honour.**  
**Souldiers.**

## The Scene SICILY.

SE

SECRET LOVE,  
OR THE  
Maiden-Queen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Scene is Walks, near the Court.*

*Enter Celadon, Asteria, meeting each other, he in riding habit; they embrace.*

*Celadon.*

DEAR Asteria!

*Asteria.* My dear Brother! welcome, a thousand welcomes: Methinks this year you have been absent has been so tedious! I hope as you have made a pleasant Voyage, so you have brought your good humour back again to Court.

*Cel.* I never yet knew any company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman.

*As.* Or at a Funeral.

*Cel.* Nay, for that you shall excuse me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditors of mine, whose Book perished with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? how do *Malissa's* two fair Daughters?

*As.* When you tell me which of 'em you are in love with, I'll answer you.

*Cel.* Which of 'em, naughty sister, what a question's there? With both of 'em, with each and singular of 'em.

*As.* Bless me! you are not serious!

*Cel.* You look as if it were a wonder to see a Man in Love: are they not handsome?

*As.* I, but both together.

*Cel.* I, and both asunder; why, I hope there are but two of 'em, the tall Singing and Dancing one, and the little Innocent one?

*As.* But you cannot marry both?

*Cel.* No, no, either of 'em, trust in Heaven; but I can keep them company, I can sing and dance with 'em, and treat 'em, and that, I take it, is somewhat better than mully marrying them: Marriage is poor folks pleasure that cannot go to the cost of variety: but I am out of danger of that with these two, for I love 'em to equally I can never make choice between 'em. Had I but one Mistress, I might go to her to be merry, and she, perhaps, be out of humour; there were a visit lost. But here, if one of 'em frown upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpose to recommend her own gaiety, besides a thousand things that I could name.

*As.* And none of 'em to any purpose.

*Cel.* Well, if you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me by carrying me to their Lodgings.

*As.* You know I am always busy about the Queen.

*Cel.* But once or twice only, till I am a little flush'd in my acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to prize myself. I promise you I'll make all the haste I can to end the trouble, by being in love somewhere else.

*As.* You would think it hard to be deny'd now!

*Cel.* And reason good: may I not hang myself for the loss of one Mistress: How do you think then I should bear the loss of two; especially in a Court where I think Beauty is but a skin town? There's one Florisel the Queens Ward a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vast Fortune.

*Cel.* I am for her before the World bring me to her, and I'll release you of your promise for the other time.

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Madam, the Queen expects you.

*Cel.* I see you hold her favour; Adieu Sister, you have a little Errand; there, other will I would offer you my service.

*As.* Farewell Brother, think upon Florisel.

*Cel.* You may trust my memory for an handsome Woman, I'll think upon her, and the rest too; I'll forget none of 'em. [Exit Asteria.]

### SCENE III

*Enter a Gentleman walking over the Stage hastily, after him Florisel, and Flavia, Masqued.*

*Fla.* Phormio, Phormio, you will not leave us.

*Gent.* In faith I have a little business.

*Cel.* Cannot I serve you in the Gentlemans room, Ladies?

*Fla.*



*Fla.* Which of us would you leave *Fla.* for ever and never more?

*Cel.* Either of you, or both of you.

*Fla.* Who, could you not be constant to one?

*Cel.* Constant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller to good purpose, if I must be constant to one; give me some Twenty, some Forty, some a Hundred Mistresses, I have more Love than any woman can turn her to.

*Fla.* Bless us! let us be gone. Cousins, we two are nothing in his hands.

*Cel.* Yet for my part, I can live with as few Mistresses as any man: I desire no superfluities; only for necessary change or so; as I shift my Linnen.

*Fla.* A pretty odd kind of fellow this: he sits my humour rarely: *[Aside.]*

*Fla.* You are as unconstant as the Moon.

*Flo.* You wrong him, he's as constant as the Sun; he would see all the world in twenty four hours.

*Cel.* 'Tis very true, Madam, but, like him, I would visit and away.

*Fla.* For what an unreasonable thing it were to stay long, be troublesome, and hinder a Lady of a fresh Lover?

*Cel.* A rare Creature this! — besides Madam, how like a fool a man looks, when after all his eagerness of two Minutes before, he shrinks into a faint kiss and a cold complement.

Ladies both, into your hands I commit myself; share me betwixt you.

*Fla.* I'll have nothing to do with you, since you cannot be constant to one.

*Cel.* Nay, rather than lose either of you, I'll do more; I'll be constant to an hundred of you: or (if you will needs fetter me to one,) agree the matter between you selves; and the most handsome take me.

*Fla.* Though I am not the best, yet since my Masque's down, and you cannot convince me, have a good faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my servant.

*Cel.* And for once, I'll make a blind bargain with you: Strike hands; is't a Match Mistress?

*Fla.* Done Servant.

*Cel.* Now I am sure I have the worst on't: for you see the worst of me, and that I do not of you till you shew your face, — and in some time Yet now I think on't you must be handsome.

*Fla.* VVhat kind of Beauty do you like?

*Cel.* Just such a one as yours.

*Fla.* What's that?

*Cel.* Such an Oval Face, clear Skin, hazel Eyes, thick brown Eye-brows,

brows, and Hair as you have for all the world.

*Fla.* But I can assure you she has nothing of all this.

*Cel.* Hold thy peace Envy; may I can be constant as I set on't.

*Flor.* 'Tis true she tells you.

*Cel.* I, I, you may slander your self as you please; then you have  
let me see.

*Flor.* I'll swear you sha' not see. —

*Cel.* A turn'd up Nose, that gives an air to your face! Oh, I find I am  
more and more in love with you! a full peather Lip, an out-mouth, that  
makes mine water at it: the bottom of your cheeks a little blub, and two  
dimples when you smile; for your stature 'tis well, and for your wit 'twas  
given you by one that knew it had been thrown away upon an ill face: I  
come you are handsome, there's no denying it.

*Flor.* Can you settle your spirits to see an ugly face, and not be fright-  
ed? I could find in my heart to lift up my Masque and disabuse you.

*Cel.* I defy your Masque, would you would try the experiment.

*Flor.* No, I wo't not; for your ignorance is the Mother of your de-  
votion to me.

*Cel.* Since you will not take the pains to convert me I'll make bold to  
keep my faith: a miserable man I am sure you have made me.

*Fla.* This is pleasant.

*Cel.* It may be so to you, but it is not to me; for to night I see, I am  
going to the most constant *Maudlin*.

*Flor.* 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be constant to one you have never  
seen; and have forsaken all you have seen.

*Cel.* It seems you know me then: well, if thou shouldst prove one of  
my cast Mistresses I would use thee most damnably, for offering to make  
me love thee twice.

*Flor.* You are i'th' right: an old Mistress or S. rvant is an old Tune, the  
pleasure on't is past, when we have once learnt it.

*Fla.* But what woman in the world would you wish her like?

*Cel.* I have heard of one *Florinel*, the Queens Ward, would she were as  
like her for Beauty, as she is for Humour.

*Fla.* Do you hear that Cousin: — [to *Flor.* aside.

*Flor.* *Florinel*'s not handsome: besides she's unconstant; and only  
loves for some few days.

*Cel.* If she loves for shorter time than I, she must love by Winter days  
and Summer nights i' faith.

*Flor.* When you see us together you shall judge: in the meantime  
adieu sweet servant.

*Cel.* VVhy you wo't not be so inhumane to carry away my heart, and  
not so much as tell me where I may hear news on't?

*Flor.* I mean to keep it safe for you: for if you had it, you would be-  
flow.

flow it worse: farewell, I must see a Lady.

*Cel.* So must I too, if I can pull off your Masque.

*Flor.* You will not be so rude, I hope.

*Cel.* By this light but I will:

*Flor.* By this leg but you sha' not. [Exeunt *Flor.* and *Fla.* running.]

SCENE III.

*Enter Philocles, and meets him going out.*

*Cel.* How! my Cousin the new Favourite! ——— [aside:]

*Phil.* Dear *Celadon*! most happily arriv'd.

I hear y'have been an honour to your Countrey

In the *Calabrian* VVars, and I am glad.

I have some interest in't.

*Cel.* ——— But in you

I have a larger subject for my joys:

To see so rare a thing as rising vertue,

And merit understood at Court.

*Phil.* Perhaps it is the only a<sup>c</sup>t that can

Accuse our *Queen* of weaknefs.

*Enter Lyfimantes attended.*

*Lyf.* O, my Lord *Philocles*, well overtaken!

I came to look you. (*Phil.*) had I known it sooner,

My swift attendance, Sir, had spar'd your trouble.

To *Cel.* ——— Cousin, you see Prince *Lyfimantes*:

Is pleas'd to favour me with his commands:

I beg you'l be no stranger now at Court.

*Cel.* So long as there be Ladies there, you need

Not doubt me.

*Phil.* Some of them will, I hope, make you a Convert. [Exit *Celadon*.]

*Lyf.* My Lord *Philocles*, I am glad we are alone:

There is a business that concerns me nearly,

In which I beg your love. (*Phil.*) Command my service.

*Lyf.* I know your interest with the *Queen* is great;

(I speak not this as envying your fortune,

For frankly I confess you have deserv'd it.)

Besides, my Birth, my Courage and my Honour,

Are all above so base a Vice. ———

*Phil.* I know, my Lord, you are first Prince o'th' Blood;

Your Countreys second hope;

And that the publick Vote when the *Queen* weds,

D<sup>e</sup>signs you for her choice.

*Lyf.*

*Lyf.* I am not worthy,  
 Except Love makes desert;  
 For doubtless she's the glory of her times;  
 Of faultless Beauty, blooming as the Spring,  
 In our *Sicilian* Groves; matchless in Vertue,  
 And largely fold where e're her bounty gives,  
 As with each breath she could create new *India*.

*Phil.* But jealous of her glory.

*Lyf.* You are a Courtier; and in other terms,  
 W'ould you say she is averse from Marriage.  
 Left it might lessen her authority.  
 But, whensoever she does, I know the people  
 W'ill scarcely suffer her to match  
 W'ith any neighb'ring Prince, whose power might bend  
 Our free *Sicilians* to a foreign Yoke.

*Phil.* I love too well my Country to desire it.

*Lyf.* Then to proceed, (as you well know, my Lord)  
 The Provinces have sent their Deputies  
 Humbly to move her she would choose at home;  
 And, for she seems averse from speaking with them,  
 By my appointment, have design'd these walks,  
 W'here well she cannot shun them. Now, if you  
 Assist their suit, by joyning yours to it,  
 And by your mediation I prove happy,  
 I freely promise you. —

*Phil.* W'ithout a bribe command my utmost in it: —  
 And yet, there is a thing, which time may give me  
 The confidence to name: —

*Lyf.* 'Tis yours whatever,  
 But tell me true; does she not entertain  
 Some deep and settled thoughts against my person?  
*Phil.* I hope not so; but she of late is froward;  
 Reserv'd, and sad, and vex'd at little things;  
 Which her great soul asham'd of, straight shakes off,  
 And is compos'd again.

*Lyf.* You are still near the Queen: and all our Actions come to Princes  
 Eyes, as they are represented by them that hold the Miroir.

*Phil.* Here she comes, and with her the Deputies: —  
 I fear all is not right.

*Enter*



Enter Queen, Deputies after her: Asteria, Guard, Flavia,  
Olinda, Sabina.

Queen turns back to the Deputies, and speaks entering.

Queen. And I must tell you,  
It is a sawcy boldness thus to press  
On my retirements. ———

1. Dep. Our business being of no less concern  
Than is the peace and quiet of your subjects ———  
And that delay'd ———

2. Dep. ——— we humbly took this time  
To represent your peoples fears to you.

Qs. My peoples fears! who made them States-men  
They much mistake their business, if they think  
It is to govern: ———

The Rights of subjects and of Sovereigns  
Are things distinct in Nature: theirs, is to  
Enjoy propriety, not Empire.

Lys. If they have err'd, 'twas but an over-care  
An ill-tim'd Duty. ———

Queen. Cousin I expect  
From your near Blood, not to excuse, but check 'em.  
They would impose a Ruler  
Upon their lawful Queen:  
For what's an Husband else?

Lys. Far, Madam, be it from the thoughts  
Of any who pretends to that high Honour,  
To wish for more than to be reckon'd  
As the most grac'd, and first of all your servants.

Queen. These are the insinuating promises  
Of those who aim at pow'r: but tell me Cousin:  
(For you are unconcern'd and may be Judge)  
Should that aspiring man compass his ends,  
What pawn of his obedience could he give me,  
When Kingly pow'r were once invested in him?

Lys. What greater pledge than Love? when those fair Eyes  
Cast their commanding beams, he that could be  
A Rebel to your birth, must pay them homage.

Queen. All Eyes are fair  
That sparkle with the Jewels of a Crown:  
But now I see my Government is odious:

My

My people find I am not fit to Reign,  
Else they would never ———

*Lyf.* So far from that, we all acknowledge you  
The bounty of the Gods to *Sicily* :  
More than they are you cannot make our Joys ;  
Make them but lasting in a Successor.

*Phil.* Your people seek not to impose a Prince ;  
But humbly offer one to your free choice :  
And such a one as he is, (may I have leave  
To speak some little of his great deserts. )

*Queen.* I'll hear no more ———  
To the *Dep.* For you, attend to-morrow at the Council,  
There you shall have my firm resolved ; mean time  
My Cousin I am sure will welcome you.

*Lyf.* Still more and more mysterious : but I have gain'd one of her  
women that shall unriddle it : — Come Gentlemen. ———

*All Dep.* Heav'n preserve your Majesty. [Exeunt *Lyf.* and *Dep.*

*Qu.* *Philocles*, you may stay :

*Phil.* I humbly wait your Majesties commands.

*Qu.* Yet now I better think on't you may go.

*Phil.* Madam !

*Qu.* I have no commands. ——— or, what's all one  
You, no obedience.

*Phil.* How, no obedience, Madam ?  
I plead no other merit ; 'tis the Charter  
By which I hold your favour, and my fortunes.

*Qu.* My favours are cheap blessings, like Rain and Sun-shine :  
For which we scarcely thank the Gods, because  
Vve daily have them.

*Phil.* Madam, your breath which rais'd me from the dust  
May lay me there again :  
But fate nor time can ever make me lose  
The sense of your indulgent bounties to me.

*Qu.* You are above them now, grown popular :  
Ah *Philocles*, could I expect from you  
That usage ! no tongue but yours  
To move me to a marriage ? ———

The factious Deputies might have some end in't,  
And my ambitious Cousin gain a Crown ;  
But what advantage could there come to you ?  
Vvhat could you hope from *Lyfimantes* Reign  
That you can want in mine ?

*Phil.* You your self clear me, Madam, had I fought

More

More pow'r, this Marriage sure was not the way.  
But, when your safety was in question,  
When all your people were unsatisfied,  
Desir'd a King; nay more, design'd the Man  
It was my duty then.

Qu. Let me be judge of my own safety;  
I am a woman,  
But danger from my subject: cannot fright me.

Phil. But *Lysimantes*, Madam, is a person

Qu. I cannot love,

Shall I, I who born a Sovereign Queen,  
Be barr'd of that which God and Nature gives  
The meanest slave, a freedom in my love?

Leave me, good *Philocles*, to my own thoughts;

When next I need your counsel I'll send for you.

Phil. I'm most unhappy in your high displeasure;

But, since I must not speak, Madam, be pleas'd

To peruse this, and therein read my case.

*Philocles reads a paper and presents it to her.*  
*She drops, and looks on him with a Picture*

Queen reads. ————  
A Catalogue of such persons ————

Spies the *King*. VVhat's this he has let fall? *Asteris*:

As. Your Majesty

Qu. Take that up, it fell from *Philocles*.

*She takes it up, looks on it, and smiles*

Qu. How now, what makes you merry?

As. A small discovery I have made, Madam.

Qu. Of what?

As. Since first your Majesty grac'd *Philocles*,

I have not heard him nam'd for any *Mistress*,

But now this picture has convinc'd me.

Qu. Ha! let me see it.

*(Subscribes it from her)*

*Candiope*, Prince *Lysimantes* Sister!

As. Your favour, Madam, may encourage him

And yet he loves in a high place for him:

A Princess of the Blood, and what is more,

Beyond comparison the fairest Lady

Our life can boast.

Qu. How! she the fairest

Beyond comparison! 'tis false, you flatter her.

She is not fair.

As. I humbly beg forgiveness on my knees,

If I offended you: but next yours, Madam

VWhich all must yield to

Qu. I pretend to none.

As. She passes for a beauty.

Qu. I, she may pass. — But why do I speak of her?

Dear Sister lead me, I am not well, 'tis sudden.

As. VWho's near there? help the Queen.

Qu. Bid 'em away, 'twas but a qualm.

And 'tis already going.

As. Dear Madam what's the matter? y are

Of late so alter'd, I scarce know you.

You were gay humour'd, and you now are pensive.

Once calm, and now unquiet.

Pardon my boldness, that I speak thus far.

Into your secret thoughts: I pass at it.

A subject there in you.

Qu. Thou hast a greater.

That of a friend: but am I forward, shall I show

With still becomes me, Madam, in that.

Qu. I know him, neither forgive me for it.

It looks help'd, but thou hast

Not long to suffer it.

As. Alas!

Qu. I feel my strength each day and hour consume.

Like Lillies wasting in a Limbeck heat.

Yet in some days, 'twas but a week.

And thou shalt see me lie all damp and cold.

Shrowded within some hollow Vault, among

My silent Ancestors.

As. O dearest Madam!

Speak not of death, or think not, if you

That I will stay behind.

Qu. Thy love has mov'd me, I for once will have.

The pleasure to be pitied; I unfold

A thing so strange, 'twas but a word of my self.

As. Bless me, sweet Heaven!

So horrid, said you, Madam?

Qu. That Sun, who with one look surveys the Globe,

Sees not a wretch like me: and could the world

Take a right measure of my state within,

Mankind must either pity me, or scorn me.

As. Sure none could do the last.

Qu. Thou long'st to know it.



And I do tell thee, but shame stops my mouth.  
First promise me thou wilt excuse my folly,  
And next be secret. ———

*As.* ——— Can you doubt it Madam?

*Qu.* Yet you might spare my labour;  
Can you not guess ———

*As.* Madam, please you I'll try.

*Qu.* Hold, *Asteris*:

I would not have you guess, for should you find it,

I should imagine, that some other might;

And then I were most wretched;

Therefore, though you should know it, flatter me;

And say you could not guess it. ———

*As.* Madam, I need not flatter you, I cannot;  
Might not Ambition trouble your repose?

*Qu.* My Sister, I thank the Gods, contented am;

But since I must reveal it, know I love

I who pretended so to glory, am

Become the slave of love.

*As.* I thought your Majesty had fram'd designs

To subvert all your Laws; become a Tyrant;

Or vex your neighbours with injurious wars;

Is this all? Madam.

*Qu.* Is not this enough?

Then, know, I love below my self; I flatter

Love one who loves another, and who knows not

That I love him.

*As.* He must be told it, Madam.

*Qu.* Not for the world, *Asteris*:

When e're he knows it, I shall die for shame.

*As.* What is it then that would content you?

*Qu.* Nothing but that I had not lov'd.

*As.* May I not ask without offence who 'tis?

*Qu.* Ev'n that confirms the Flave lov'd amiss;

Since thou canst know I love, and not imagine

It must be *Philonides*.

*As.* My Cousin is indeed a most deserving person;

Vallant and wise; and handsome, and well born;

But not of Royal blood;

I know his fate unfit to be a King;

To be his wife I could forsake my Crown; but not my Glory;

Yet, would he did not love *Candide*,

Would he lov'd me, but knew not of my Love;

Or e're dull tell me his.

*Ass.* In all this Labyrinth,  
I find one path conducting to your quiet.

*Qu.* O tell me quickly then.

*Ass.* *Candiope*, as Princess of the blood,  
Without your approbation cannot marry:  
First break his match with her, by virtue of  
Your Sovereign Authority.

*Qu.* I fear that were to make him hate me.  
Or, what's as bad, to let him know I love him.  
Could you not do it of your self?

*Ass.* I'll not be wanting to my power.  
But if your Majesty appears not in it,  
The love of *Philoeles* will soon surmount  
All other difficulties.

*Qu.* Then, as we walk, I think what means are best.  
Effect but this, and thou shalt have my wealth.

### SCENE I. The Queens Apartment.

*Asteria* **N**othing thrives that I have plotted.  
*Sola.* For I have founded *Philoeles*, and find  
He is too constant to *Candiope*:  
Her too I have assaulted, but in vain,  
Objecting want of quality in *Philoeles*:  
I'll to the Queen, and plainly tell her  
She must make use of her Authority  
To break the match.

### SCENE II.

*Enter Celadon, looking about him.*

Brother! what make you here,  
About the Queens Apartments?  
Which of the Ladies are you watching for?

*Cel.* Any of 'em that will do me the good turn to make me fondly in  
love.

*Ass.* Then I'll bespeak you one: you will be deep rarely in love with  
*Florimel*: so soon as the Queen heard you were returned, she gave you her  
for Mistress.

*Cel.* Thank her Majesty; but to confess the truth, my fancy lies partly another way.

*Ast.* That's strange: *Florimel* vows you are already in love with her.

*Cel.* She wrongs me horribly, if ever I saw or spoke with this *Florimel*.

*Ast.* VVell, take your fortune, I must leave you. [Exit *Adenia*.]

SCENE III.

*Enter Florimel, sees him, and is running back.*

*Cel.* Nay I wish I am got betwixt you and home; you are my prisoner, Lady bright, till you resolve me one question.

*She sighs.* She is dumb.

*Pox!* I think she's dumb: what a vengeance dost thou at Court, with such a rare face, without a tongue to answer to a kind question?

*Ast* thou dumb indeed, then, thou canst tell no tales; goes to kiss her.

*Flor.* Hold, hold, you are not mad!

*Cel.* Oh, my mistress in a Masque! have you found your tongue?

*Flor.* I was time, I think: what had become of me, if I had not?

*Cel.* Methinks your Lips had done as well.

*Flor.* If my Masque had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the walks.

*Cel.* VVell: will you believe me another time: did not I say you were infinitely handsome? they may talk of *Florimel*; if they will, but Faith she must come short of you.

*Flor.* Have you seen her, then?

*Cel.* I look'd a little that way, but I had soon enough of her, she is not to be seen twice without a fussen.

*Flor.* However you are beholding to her, they say she loves you.

*Cel.* By fate she sha' not love me: I have told her a piece of my mind already: pox o' these coming women: they set a man to dinner before he has an appetite. [Flavia at the door.]

*Florimel*, you are call'd within. [Exit.

*Cel.* I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel*?

*Flor.* Ex's she at your service: the first kind and coming *Florimel* you have describ'd.

*Cel.* VVhy then we are agreed already, I am as kind and coming as you for the heart of you: I knew at first we two were good for nothing but one another.

*Flor.* But, without railery, are you in Love?

*Cel.* So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my conscience I could marry you.

*Flor.*

*The Maiden Queen.*

*Flor.* No, no, 'tis not come to that yet : but if you are really in love you have done me the greatest pleasure in the world.

*Cel.* That pleasure, and a better too I have in store for you.

*Flor.* This Animal call'd a Lover I have long'd to see these two years.

*Cel.* Sure you walk'd with your Masque on all the while, for if you had been seen, you could not have been without your wish.

*Flor.* I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover ; but I must have other proofs of Love e'r I believe it.

*Cel.* You shall have the best that can give you.

*Flor.* I would have a Lover, that if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his neck, poison himself, for very despair ; he that will scruple this is an impudent fellow if he says he is in love.

*Cel.* Pray, Madam, which of these four things would you have your Lover do? for a man's but a man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his neck, and poison himself, all together.

*Flor.* VVell then, because you are but a beginner, and I would not discourage you, any of these shall serve your turn in a fair way.

*Cel.* I am much deceiv'd in those Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddles, be not a more acceptable proof of love to you, than any of those Tragical ones you have mentioned.

*Flor.* However you will grant it is but decent you should be pale, and lean, and melancholick to shew you are in love : and that I shall requite of you when I see you next.

*Cel.* VVhen you see me next? why you do not make a Racket of me to be lean at twenty four hours warning? in the mean while we burn day-light, lose time and love.

*Flor.* VVould you marry me without consideration?

*Cel.* To choose, by heaven, for they that think on't, twenty to one would never do it, hang forecast, to make sure of one good night is as much in reason, as a man should expect from this ill world.

*Flor.* Methinks a few more years and discretion would do well ; I do not like this going to bed so early ; it makes one so weary before morning.

*Cel.* That's much as your pillow is laid before you go to sleep.

*Flor.* Shall I make a proposition to you? I will give you a whole year of probation to love me in ; to grow reserv'd, discreet, sober and faithful, and to pay me all the services of a Lover.

*Cel.* And at the end of it you'll marry me?

*Flor.* It neither of us alter our minds before.

*Cel.* By this light a necessary clause, ——— but if I pay in all the fore-said services before the day, you shall be obliged to take me sooner into mercy.

*Flor.* Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a Twelve-month



*The Maiden Queen.*

15

month to be prolong'd; so many services I will hate you so many days or weeks; so many faults I will add to your Friendship, so much more: And of all this I only to be Judge.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Philoctes, and Lysimantes.*

*Lys.* Is the Queen this way, Madam?

*Flor.* I'll see to please your Highness: Follow me, Captive.

*Cel.* March on Conquerour.

*Lys.* You're sure her Majesty will not oppose it?

*Phil.* Leave that to me my Lords.

*Lys.* Then, though perhaps my Sisters birth might challenge  
An higher match,  
I'll weigh your merits on the other side  
To make the balance even.

*Phil.* I go my Lord this minute.

*Lys.* My best wishes wait on you.

SCENE V.

*Enter the Queen and Asteria.*

*Queen.* Yonder he is; have I no other way?

*As.* O Madam, you must stand this brunt:

Deny him now, and leave the rest to me:

I'll to Candiope's Mother,

And under the pretence of friendship, work

On her Ambition to put off a match

So mean as *Philoctes*.

[*Queen to Phil.*] You may approach, Sir,

VVetwo discourse no secrets.

*Phil.* I come, Madam, to weary out your Royal bounty.

*Qu.* Some suit I warrant for your Cousin *Celidon*.

Leave his advancement to my care.

*Phil.* Your goodness still prevents my wishes: ———— you have one request,

Might it not pass almost for madness, and

Extream Ambition in me.

*Qu.* You know you have a favourable Judge.

It lies not in you to ask any thing.

I cannot grant.

*Phil.* Madam, perhaps you think me too faulty.

But Love alone inspires me with Ambition.

*Wich*

*Thought*

Though but to look on fair *Candiope* were an excuse for both.

*Qu.* Keep your Ambition and let Love alone;  
That I can cloy, but this I cannot cure.

I have some reasons (invincible to me), which must forbid  
Your marriage with *Candiope*.

*Phil.* I knew I was not worthy.

*Qu.* Not for that, *Philocles*, you deserve all things,  
And to show I think it, my Admiral I bear is dead,  
His vacant place, (the best in all my Kingdom)  
I here confer on you.

*Phil.* Rather take back all you had giv'n before,  
Than not give this.

For believe, Madam, nothing is so near  
My Soul as the possession of *Candiope*.

*Qu.* Since that belief would be to your disadvantage,  
I will not entertain it.

*Phil.* Why, Madam, can you be thus cruel to me?  
To give me all things which I did not ask,  
And yet deny that only thing I beg:  
And to beg that I find I cannot live  
Without the hope of it.

*Qu.* Hope greater things,  
But hope not this. Haste to o'recome your Love,  
It is but putting a short liv'd passion to a violent death.

*Phil.* I cannot live without *Candiope*.  
But I can die without a murmur,  
Having my doom pronounc'd from your fair mouth.

*Qu.* If I am to pronounce it, live my *Philocles*,  
But live without (I was about to say)  
Without his Love, but that I cannot do:  
Live *Philocles* without *Candiope*.

*Phil.* Madam, could you give my doom so quickly,  
And knew it was irrevocable!

'Tis too apparent  
You who alone love Glory, and whose Soul  
Is loos'd from your senses, cannot judge  
What torments mine of grosser mould endures.

*Qu.* I cannot suffer you  
To give me praises which are not my own:  
I love like you, and am yet much more wretched  
Than you can think your self.

*Phil.* Weak bars they needs must be that fortune puts  
Against Sovereign Power, and all it can desire.

When

When Princes love, they call themselves unhappy,  
Only, because the word sounds handsome in a Lovers mouth.  
But you can cease to be so when you please  
By making *Lyfiantes* fortunate.

*Qu.* Were he indeed the man, you had some reason;  
But 'tis another, more without my power,  
And yet a Subject too.

*Phil.* O, Madam, say not so,  
It cannot be a Subject if not he,  
It were to be injurious to your self  
To make another choice.

*Qu.* Yet *Lyfiantes*, set by him I love,  
Is more obscur'd than Stars too near the Sun;  
He has a brightness of his own,  
Not borrow'd of his Fathers, but born with him.

*Phil.* Pardon if I say, who e're he be,  
He has practis'd some ill Acts upon you, Madam;  
For he, whom you describe, I see is born  
But from the lees o'th' people.

*Qu.* You offend me *Philocles*.  
VWhence had you leave to use those insolent terms  
Of him I please to love: one I must tell you,  
( Since foolishly I have gone thus far )  
VWhom I esteem your equal,  
And far superior to Prince *Lyfiantes*;  
One who deserves to wear a Crown.

*Phil.* VWhirlwinds bear me hence before I live  
To that detested day. — That frown assures me  
I have offended, by my over-freedom;  
But yet methinks a heart so plain and honest  
And zealous of your glory, might hope your pardon for it.

*Qu.* I give it you, but  
VWhen you know him better  
You'll alter your opinion; he's no ill friend of yours.

*Phil.* I well perceive  
He has supplanted me in your esteem;  
But that's the least of ills this fatal wretch  
Has practis'd. — Think, for Heavens sake, Madam think  
If you have drunk no Philter;

*Qu.* Yes he has given me a Philter;  
But I have drunk it only from his Eyes.

*Phil.* Hot Irons thank 'em for't.

*Qu.* VWhat's that you mutter?

Softly, or turn-  
ling from her.

Hence from my sight: I know not whether  
I ever shall endure to see you more.

*Phil.* But hear me, Madam:

*Qu.* I say begone. — See me no more this day. —

I will not hear one word in your excuse.

Now, Sir, be rude again: And give Laws to your Queen.

[*Exit Philocles bowing.*]

*Asteria*, come hither.

VVas ever boldness like to this of *Philocles*?

Help me to reproach him; for I resolve  
Henceforth no more to love him.

*Ast.* Truth is, I wondred at your patience, Madam:  
Did you not mark his words, his mien, his Action,  
How full of haughtiness, how small respect?

*Qu.* And he to use me thus, he whom I favour'd,  
Nay more, he whom I lov'd?

*Ast.* A man methinks of vulgar parts and presence!

*Qu.* Or allow him something handsome, valiant, or so —  
Yet this to me!

*Ast.* The workmanship of inconsiderate favour,  
The Creature of rash love; one of those Meteors  
VVhich Monarchs raise from Earth,  
And people wondring how they came so high,  
Fear, from their influence, Plagues, and VVars, and Famine.

*Qu.* Ha!

*Ast.* One whom instead of banishing a day,  
You should have plum'd of all his borrow'd honours:  
And let him see what abject things they are  
VVhom Princes often love without desert.

*Qu.* VVhat has my *Philocles* deserv'd from thee  
That thou shouldst use him thus?

VVere he the basest of Mankind, thou could'st not  
Have given him ruder language.

*Ast.* Did not your Majesty command me,  
Did not your self begin?

*Qu.* I grant I did, but I have right to do it;  
I love him and may rail; — in you 'tis malice;  
Malice in the most high degree: for never man  
VVas more deserving than my *Philocles*.

Or, do you love him, ha! and plead that title?  
Confess, and I'll forgive you. —

For none can look on him but needs must love.

*Ast.* I love him, Madam! I beseech your Majesty

More



Have better thoughts on me.

*Qu.* Dost thou not love him then !  
Good Heaven, how stupid and how dull is she !  
How most invincibly insensible !  
No woman does deserve to live  
That loves not *Philocles*.

*As.* Dear Madam, recollect your self ; alas  
How much distracted are your thoughts, and how  
Disjoyned all your words !

The Sibyls leaves more orderly were laid.  
VVhere is that harmony of mind, that prudence  
VVhich guided all you did ? that sense of Glory  
VVhich rais'd you, high above the rest of Kings,  
As Kings are o're the level of mankind ?

*Qu.* Gone, gone *Asteria*, all his gone,  
Or lost within me far from any use.  
Sometimes I struggle like the Sun in Clouds,  
But straight I am o'r-cast.

*As.* I grieve to see it.

*Qu.* Then thou hast yet the goodness  
To pardon what I said,  
Alas, I use my self much worse than thee.  
Love rages in great souls,  
For there his pow'r most opposition finds ;  
High trees are shook, because they dare the winds.

[*Exeunt.*]

# ACT III.

SCENE of the Act, *The Court Gallery.*

*Philocles, solus.*

*Phil.* 'Tis true, she banish'd me but for a day ;  
But Favourites, once declining, sink apace.  
Yet Fortune, stop, — this is the likeliest place  
To meet *Asteria*, and by her convey  
My humble vows to my offended Queen.

*Enter Queen, and Asteria.*

Ha ! She comes her self ; Unhappy man !  
VVhere shall I hide ?

(*is going out.*)

*Qu.* Is not that *Philocles*

D 2

VVho

VVho makes such haste away? *Philotes, Philotes* ———  
 [*Philotes coming back.*] I fear'd the saw me.

*Qu.* How now Sir, am I such a Bugbear  
 That I scare people from me?

*Phil.* 'Tis true, I should more carefully have chun'd  
 The place where you might be; as, when it thunders  
 Men reverently quit the open Air  
 Because the angry Gods are then abroad.

*Qu.* VVhat does he mean, *Asteris*?  
 I do not understand him.

*As.* Your Majesty forgets you banish'd him  
 Your presence for this day. ——— [*to her softly.*]

*Qu.* Ha! banish'd him! 'tis true indeed;  
 But, as thou sayst, I had forgot it quite. ——— *to her.*

*As.* That's very strange, scarce half an hour ago.

*Qu.* But Love had drawn his pardon up so soon.  
 That I forgot he e're offended me.

*Phil.* Pardon me, that I could not thank you sooner;  
 Your sudden grace, like some swift flood pour'd in on narrow banks  
 O'r flow'd my spirits.

*Qu.* No, 'tis for me to ask your pardon *Philotes*,  
 For the great injury I did you  
 In not remembering I was angry with you.  
 But I'll repair my fault,  
 And rowze my anger up against you yet.

*Phil.* No, Madam, my forgiveness was your act of grace.  
 And I lay hold of it.

*Qu.* Princes sometimes may pass  
 Acts of Oblivion in their own wrong.

*Phil.* 'Tis true, but not recal them.

*Qu.* But, *Philotes*, since I have told you there is one I love,  
 I will go on; and let you know  
 What passed this day betwixt us; be our judge  
 Whether my servant have dealt well with me.

*Phil.* I beseech your Majesty excuse me:  
 Any thing more of him may make me  
 Relapse too soon, and forfeit my late pardon.

*Qu.* But you'll be glad to know it.

*Phil.* May I not hope then  
 You have some quarrel to him?

*Qu.* Ye', a great one,  
 But first to justify my self,  
 Know *Philotes*, I have conceal'd my passion

With such ease from him, that he knows not yet  
I love, but only that I much esteem him.

*Pbil.* O stupid wretch  
That by a thousand tokens could not guess it

*Qu.* He loves elsewhere, and that has blinded him.

*Pbil.* He's blind indeed!

So the dull Beasts in the first Paradise

With levell'd Eyes gaz'd each upon their kind

There fix'd their love: and ne'r look'd up to view

That glorious Creature Man, their sovereign Lord.

*Qu.* Y're too severe on little faults, but he has crimes, untold,  
Which will, I fear, move you much more against him.

He fell this day into a passion with me,

And boldly contradicted all I said.

*Pbil.* And stands his Head upon his Shoulders yet?

How long shall this most insolent

*Qu.* Take heed you rail not,

You know you are but on your good behaviour.

*Pbil.* Why then I will not call him Traitor

But only rude, audacious and impertinent.

To use his Sovereign so. — I beg your leave

To wish you have at least imprison'd him.

*Qu.* Some people may speak ill, and yet mean well:

Remember you were not confin'd; and yet

Your fault was great. In short, I love him,

And that excuses all; but be not jealous;

His rising shall not be your overthrow.

Nor will I ever marry him

*Pbil.* That's some comfort yet,

He shall not be a King.

*Qu.* He never shall. But you are discompos'd,

Stay here a little: I have somewhat for you

Shall shew you still are in my favour.

[*Exeunt Queen and Aleria.*]

*Enter to him Candiope, Weeping.*

*Pbil.* Now now, in tears, my fair Candiope?

So through a watry Cloud

The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine.

For what Forefathers sin do you afflict

Those precious Eyes! for sure you have

None of your own to weep.

*Cand.* My Crimes both great and many needs must show,

Since Heav'n will punish them with losing you.

*Pbil.*

*Phil.* Afflictions sent from Heav'n without a cause  
 Make bold Mankind enquire into its Law;  
 But Heav'n, which moulding beauty takes such care,  
 Makes gentle fates on purpose for the fair;  
 And destiny that sees them so divine,  
 Spins all their fortunes in a filken twine:  
 No mortal hand so ignorant is found  
 To weave course work upon a precious ground.

*Cand.* Go preach this doctrine in my Mother's care.

*Phil.* Has her severity produc'd these tears?

*Cand.* She has recall'd those hopes she gave before,  
 And strictly bids me ne'er to see you more.

*Phil.* Changes in froward age are Natural;  
 Who hopes for constant weather in the fall?

'Tis in your pow'r your duty to transfer,  
 And place that right in me which was in her.

*Cand.* Reason, like foreign foes, would ne'er o'come,  
 But that I find I am betray'd at home.

You have a friend that fights for you within.

*Phil.* Let Reason ever lose, so Love may win.

*Enter Queen, and Asteria.*

*Queen with a Picture in her hand.*

*Qu.* See there, *Asteria*,  
 All we have done succeeds still to the worse;  
 VVe hindred him from seeing her at home,  
 VVhere I but only heard they lov'd; and now  
 She comes to Court; and mads me with the sight on't.

*Asi.* Dear Madam, overcome your self a little,  
 Or they'll perceive how much you are concern'd.

*Qu.* I struggle with my heart, — but it will have some vent.  
 [*To Cand.*] Cousin you are a stranger at the Court.

*Cand.* It was my duty I confess,  
 To attend oftner on your Majesty.

*Qu.* *Asteria*, Mend my Cousins Handkerchief;  
 It sits too narrow there, and shows too much  
 The broadness of the Shoulders. — Nay fie, *Asteria*,  
 Now you put it too much backward, and discovers  
 The bigness of her breasts.

*Cand.* I beseech your Majesty  
 Give not your self this trouble.

*Qu.* Sweet Cousin, you shall pardon me;



A beauty such as yours  
Deserves a more than ordinary care,  
To set it out.

Come hither, *Philoles*, do but observe,  
She has but one gross fault in all her shape,  
That is, she bears up here too much,  
And the malicious workman has left it open to your Eye.

*Phil.* VVhere, and please your Majesty, methinks 'tis very well?

*Qu.* Do not you see it, Oh how blind is Love!  
*Cand.* And how quick sighted malice! [Aside,

*Qu.* But yet methinks, those knots of Sley, do not  
So well with the dead colour of her Face.

*Alt.* Your Majesty mistakes, she wants no red.  
The Queen here plucks out her Glasse, and looks sometimes at her self, some-  
times on her Rival.

*Qu.* How do I look to day, *Astoria*!  
Methinks not well.

*Alt.* Pardon me, Madam, most victoriously.

*Qu.* VVhat think you, *Philoles*? come do not flatter.

*Phil.* Paris was a bold man who presum'd  
To judge the beauty of a Goddess.

*Cand.* Your Majesty has given the reason why  
He cannot judge: his Love has blinded him.

*Qu.* Methinks a long patch here beneath her Eye  
Might hide that dismal hollownes, what think you *Philoles*?

*Cand.* Beseech you Madam, ask not his opinion.  
VVhat my faults are it is no matter:  
He loves me with them all.

*Qu.* I, he may love, but when he marries you  
Your Bridal shall be kept in some dark Dungeon.  
Farewel, and think of that, too easie Maid,  
I blush thou shar'st my blood. [Exeunt Queen, Astoria,

*Cand.* Inhumane Queen!  
Thou canst not be more willing to resign  
Thy part in me, than I to give up mine.

*Phil.* Love, how few Subjects do thy Laws fulfil,  
And yet those few, like us, thou usest ill!

*Cand.* The greatest slaves, in Monarchies, are they  
VVhom Birth sets nearest to Imperial sway;  
VVhile jealous pow'r does fullanly oppress,  
VVe play like Deer within the Lions Eye.  
VVould I for you some Shepherdess had been,  
And but each May ne'r heard the name of Queen.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* If you were so, might I some Monarch be,  
Then, you should gain what now you lose by me:  
Then, you in all my glorious should have part,  
And rule my Empire, as you rule my heart.

*Cand.* How much our golden wishes are in vain?  
When they are past we are our selves again.

*Enter Queen, and Asteria, above.*

*Qu.* Look, look *Asteria*, yet they are not gone.  
Hence we may hear what they discourse alone.

*Phil.* My Love inspires me with a generous thought  
Which you unknowing, in those wishes taught.  
Since happiness may out of Courts be found,  
Why stay we here on this enchanted ground:  
And choose not rather with content to dwell  
(If Love and we can find it) in a Cell?

*Cand.* Those who, like you, have once in Courts been great,  
May think they wish, but wish not to retreat.  
They seldom go but when they cannot stay:  
As losing Gamesters throw they Dice away:  
Ev'n in that Cell, where you repose would find,  
Visions of Court will haunt your restless mind;  
And glorious dreams stand ready to restore  
The pleasing shapes of all you had before.

*Phil.* He; who with your possession once is blest,  
On easie terms may part with all the rest.  
All my Ambition will in you be crown'd;  
And those white Arms shall all my wishes bound.  
Our life shall be but one long Nuptial day,  
And like chaf't Odours melt in sweets away:  
Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,  
And cheerful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

*Cand.* Thus hope misleads it self in pleasant ways  
And takes more joys on trust than Love can pay!  
But Love, with long possession, once decay'd,  
That face which now you Court, you will opbraid.

*Phil.* False Lovers broach these tenets, to remove  
The fault from them by placing it on Love.

*Cand.* Yet grant in Youth you keep alive your Fire,  
Old age will come, and then it must expire:  
Youth but a while does at Loves Temple stay,  
As some fair Inn to lodge it on the way.

*Phil.* Your doubts are kind, but to be satisfy'd,  
I can

I can be true, I beg I may be try'd.

*Cand.* Tryals of love too dear the making cost;  
For if successleſs, the whole venture's loſt.  
What you propoſe, brings wants and care along.

*Phil.* Love can bear both.

*Cand.* But is your Love ſo ſtrong?

*Phil.* They do not want, who wiſh not to have more;  
Who ever ſaid an Anchoret was poor?

*Cand.* To answer generously as you have done,  
I ſhould not by your arguments be won:  
I know I urge your ruine by conſent;  
Yet love too well that ruine to prevent.

*Phil.* Like water giv'n to thoſe whom Feavers fry:  
You kill but him, who muſt without it die.

*Cand.* Secure me I may love without a Crime;  
Then, for our flight, appoint both place and time.

*Phil.* Th' enſuing hour my plighted vows ſhall be;  
The time's not long; or only long to me.

*Cand.* Then, let us go where we ſhall ne'r be ſeen  
By my hard Mother,

*Phil.* Or my cruel Queen:

[*Exeunt Phil. Cand.*]

*Queen.* O *Philoſeas* unkind to call me cruel!

*above.* So falſe *Aeneas* did from *Dido* fly,

But never branded her with cruelty.

How I deſpiſe my ſelf for loving ſo!

*Alf.* At once you hate your ſelf and love him too.

*Qu.* No, his ingratitude has cur'd my wound;

A painful cure indeed!

*Alf.* And yet not found.

His ignorance of your true thoughts

Excuses this; you did ſeem cruel Madam.

*Qu.* But much of kindneſs ſtill was mix'd with it.

Who could miſtake ſo groſsly not to know

A *Cupid* ſmiling when he draws his Bow?

*Alf.* He's going now to ſmart for his offence.

*Qu.* Should he without my leave depart from hence?

*Alf.* No matter; ſince you hate him, let him go.

*Qu.* But I my hate by my revenge will ſhow:

Befides, his head's a forfeit to the State.

*Alf.* When you take that I will believe you hate.

Let him poſſeſs, and then he'll ſoon repent:

And ſo his Crime will prove his puniſhment.

*Qu.* He may repent; but he will firſt poſſeſs.

*Asf.* O, Madam, now your hatred you confess:  
If his possessing her your rage does move,  
'Tis jealousy the avarice of love.

*Qu.* No more, *Astria*.

Seek *Lyfsmantes* out, bid him set his Guards through all the Court and City.

Prevent their marriage first; then stop their flight.

Some sitting punishments I will ordain,

But speak not you of *Philotes* again:

'Tis bold to search, and dangerous to find

Too much of Heav'n's, or of a Prince's mind.

*As the Queen has done speaking, Flavia is going hastily over the Stage; Astria sees her.*

*Asf.* Flavia, Flavia, whither so fast?

*Fla.* Did you call, *Astria*?

*Asf.* The Queen has business with Prince *Lyfsmantes*; speak to any Gentleman that's next, to fetch him.

*Fla.* I suspect somewhat, but I'll watch you close.

Prince *Lyfsmantes* has not chose in me,

The worth Soy of the Court. — *Celadon!* what makes he here?

*Enter Celadon, Olinda, Sabina; they walk over the Stage together, he seeming to court them.*

*Olind.* Nay sweet *Celadon*.

*Sab.* Nay dear *Celadon*.

*Fla.* O ho. I see his business now, 'tis with *Melissa's* two Daughters: Look look, how he peeps about to see if the coast be clear like an Hawk that will not plume if she be look'd on.

So — at last he has truſt'd his quarry.

*Enter Florimel.*

*Flor.* Did you see *Celadon* this way?

*Fla.* If you had not ask'd the question, I should have thought you had come from watching him: he's just gone off with *Melissa's* Daughters.

*Flor.* *Melissa's* Daughters? he did not Court 'em I hope?

*Fla.* So busily, he lost no time: while he was teaching the one a type, he was kissing the others hand.

*Flor.* O fine Gentleman!

*Fla.* And they so greedy of him! Did you never see two filks about a Bair, rugging it this way and t'other way: for my part, I could at least he should have lost a Leg or Arm i'th service.

*Nay*, never vex your self, but I'll resolve to break with him.

*Flor.* No, no, 'tis not come to that, yet I'll court him first, and then hope



hope the best from time.

*Fla.* From time! Believe me, there's little good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and Hour-glass bring any thing but gray hair, thin cheeks, and loss of teeth: you see Celadon loves others.

*Fla.* There's the more hope he may love me among the rest: hang't, I would not marry one of these solemn Fops; they are good for nothing but to make Cuckolds: Give me a servant that is an high Flier at all games; that is bounteous of himself to many women; and yet when ever I pleas'd to throw out the lure of matrimony, should come down with a swing, and fly the better at his own quarry.

*Fla.* But are you sure you can take him down when you think good?

*Fla.* Nothing more certain.

*Flav.* What wager will you venture upon the Trial?

*Fla.* Any thing.

*Flav.* My Maidenhead to yours.

*Fla.* That's a good one, who shall take the forfeit?

*Flav.* I'll go and write a Letter as from these two Sisters, to summon him immediately; it shall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you see a strange combat betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit: if he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better?

*Fla.* Not a jot the more: a Bee may pick of many Flowers, and like some one better than all the rest.

*Flav.* But then your Bee must not leave his sting behind him.

*Fla.* Well; make the experiment however: I hear him coming and a whole noise of Fiddlers at his heels. Hey day, what a mad Husband shall I have? —

*Enter Celadon.*

*Flav.* And what a mad wife will he have? well, I must go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: you'll keep him in discourse the while? [Exit Flavia.]

*Cel.* Where are you, Madam? what do you mean to run away thus? pray stand to't that we may dispatch this business.

*Fla.* I think you mean to watch me as they do VVitches, to make me confess I love you. Lord, what a buffle have you kept this afternoon? what with eating, singing and dancing, I am so wearied, that I shall not be in case to hear of any more love this fortnight.

*Cel.* Nay, if you surfeit on't before Tryal, Lord have mercy upon you when I have married you.

*Fla.* But what Kings Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant expence?

*Cel.* I have a damnable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would once die!

Lord, how long does he mean to make it e'r he dies!

*Flor.* As long as ever he can, I'll pass my word for him.

*Cel.* I think then we had best consider him as an obstinate old fellow, that is deaf to the news of a better world; and ne's stay for him.

*Flor.* But e'n marry; and get him Grand-children in abundance, and great Grand-children upon them, and so inch him and shove him out of the world by the very force of new Generations: — if that be the way you must excuse me.

*Cel.* But dost thou know what it is to be an old Maid?

*Flor.* No, nor hope I shan't these twenty years.

*Cel.* But when that time comes, in the first place thou wilt be condemned to tell stories, how many men thou mightest have had; and none believe thee: Then thou growest froward, and impudently weariest all thy friends to sollicite Man for thee.

*Flor.* Away with your old Common place-wit: I am resolv'd to grow fat and look young till forty, and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle, and the reputation of five and twenty.

*Cel.* VVell, what think you now of a reckoning betwixt us?

*Flor.* How do you mean?

*Cel.* To discount for so many days of my years service, as I have paid in since morning.

*Flor.* VVith all my heart.

*Cel.* Imprimis, For a Treat:

*Item.* For my Glass Coach:

*Item.* For sitting bare and wagging your Fann:

And lastly, and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long hour and half.

*Flor.* For this I bate you three weeks of your Service: now hear your Bill of Faults; for your comfort 'tis a short one.

*Cel.* I know it.

*Flor.* Imprimis, *Item*, and Sum total, for keeping company with *Melissa's* Daughters.

*Cel.* How the Pox came you to know of that? Gad I believe the Devil plays booty against himself, and tells you of my sins. *[Aside.*

*Flor.* The offence being so small, the punishment shall be but proportionable, I will set you back only half a year.

*Cel.* You're most unconscionable; when then do you think we shall come together? there's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. VVhat do you take me for, some Cousin of *Mehabalem's*, that I must stay an hundred years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

*Flor.* Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me without ever offering to excuse himself; *Item*, a fortnight more for that.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* So there's another puff in my voyage has blown me back to the North of Scotland.

*Flor.* All this is nothing to your excuse for the two Sisters.

*Cel.* Faith if ever I did more than kiss 'em and that but once, ———

*Flor.* What could you have done more to me?

*Cel.* An hundred times more; as thou shalt know dear Rogue, at time convenient.

*Flor.* You talk, you talk; Could you kiss 'em, though but once, and ne'r think of me?

*Cel.* Nay if I had thought of thee, I had kiss'd 'em over a thousand times, with the very force of imagination.

*Flor.* The Gallants are mightily beholding to you, you have found 'em out a new way to kiss their Milkmaides, upon other womens lips.

*Cel.* What would you have? You are my Sultana Queen, the rest are but in the nature of your Slaves; I may make some slight excursion into the Enemies Country for forage or so, but I ever return to my head quarters.

*Enter one with a Letter.*

*Cel.* To me?

*Mess.* If your name be Celadon.

[*Celadon reads softly.*

*Flor.* He's swallowing the Pill; presently we shall see the operation.

[*Cel. to the Page.*] Child, come hither Child; here's money for thee: So, be gone quickly good Child, before any body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child. ———

[*Thrusts him out.*

Very good, the Sisters send me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to sup there! Now cannot I forbear and I should be damn'd, though I have scap'd a scouring so lately for it. Yet I love

*Florimet* better than both 'em together; ——— there's the Riddle on't: but only for the sweet sake of variety. ———

[*Aside.*

Well, we must all sin, and we must all repent, and there's an end on't.

*Flor.* What is it that makes you fidge up and down so?

*Cel.* Faith I am sent for by a very dear friend, and 'tis upon a business of Life and Death.

*Flor.* On my life some woman?

*Cel.* On my honour some man; Do you think I would lie to you?

*Flor.* But you engag'd to sup with me!

*Cel.* But I consider it may be scandalous to stay late in your Lodgings. Adieu dear Miss, if ever I am false to thee again. ———

[*Exit Cel.*

*Flor.* See what constant metal you men are made of! He begins to vex me in good earnest. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em; and yet methinks I can't endure he should neither. Lord, that such a Madcap as I should ever live to be jealous!

I must after him.

Some

Some Ladies would discard him now, but I  
A fitter way for my revenge will find;  
I'll marry him, and serve him in his kind, [Exit Florisel.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE The Walks.

Melissa, after her Olinda and Sabina.

**Melissa.** I Must take this business up in time: this wild fellow begins to  
haunt my house again. VVell, I'll be bold to say it, 'tis as  
easie to bring up a young Lyon, without mischief, as a Maiden-head of  
Fifteen, to make it tame for an Husbands bed. Not but that the young  
man is handsome, rich and young, and I could be content he should marry  
one of 'em, but to seduce 'em both in this manner. — VVell, I'll examine  
'em apart, and if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his choice. —

**Olinda.** Come hither Child. —

**Olinda.** Your pleasure, Madam?

**Melissa.** Nothing but for your good *Olinda*, what think you of *Celadon*?

**Olinda.** VVhy I think he's a very mad fellow; but yet I have some ob-  
ligements to him: he teaches me new Airs of the Guitarre, and talks  
wildly to me, and I to him.

**Melissa.** But tell me in earnest do you think he loves you?

**Olinda.** Can you doubt it? There were never two so cut out for one an-  
other; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats and Mufick. In short,  
we are each others counterpart.

**Melissa.** But does he love you seriously?

**Olinda.** Seriously! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I should not love  
him; but we sit and talk, and wrangle, and are friends; when we are  
together we never hold our tongues; and then we have always a noise of  
Fiddles at our heels, he hunts me merrily as the Hound does the Hare;  
and either this is Love, or I know it not.

**Melissa.** VVell, go back, and call *Sabina* to me. — *Olinda goes behind.*  
This is a Riddle past my finding out: whether he loves her or no is the  
question; but this I am sure of, he loves him: — O my little Favourite,  
I must ask you a question concerning *Celadon*: Is he in love with you?

**Sabina.** I think indeed he does not hate me, at least if a mans word may  
be taken for it.

**Melissa.** But what expressions has he made you?

**Sabina.** Truly the man has done his part: he has spoken civilly to me, and

I was



I was not so young but I understood him.

*Meli.* And you could be content to marry him?

*Sab.* I have sworn never to marry; besides, he's a wild young man; yet to obey you Mother, I would be content to be sacrific'd.

*Meli.* No, no, we would but lead you to the Altar.

*Sab.* Nor to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not, I am resolv'd to die a Maid, that's once, Mother.

*Meli.* Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I cannot yet find he loves either of 'em.

*Olin.* Mother, mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the VValks.

*Meli.* Peace wanton; you had best ring the Bells for joy. VVell, I'll not meet him, because I know not which to offer him, yet he seems to like the youngest best: I'll give him opportunity with her; *Olinda*, do you make haste after me.

*Olin.* This is something hard though.

[Exit *Meli.*

Enter *Celadon*.

*Cel.* You see Ladies the least breath of yours brings me to you: I have been seeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

*Sab.* 'Twas well you found us.

*Cel.* Found you! half this brightness betwixt you two was enough to have lighted me; I could never miss my way: Here's fair *Olinda* has beauty enough for one family; such a voice, such a wit, so noble a stature, so white a skin.

*Olin.* I thought he would be particular at last.

[Aside.

*Cel.* And young *Sabina*, so sweet an innocence, Such a Rose-bud newly blown.

This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little withdrawing Room. A word, Madam.

*Olin.* I like not this. (Aside.) Sir, if you are not too busy with my Sister, I would speak with you.

*Cel.* I come, Madam.

*Sab.* Time enough, Sir; pray finish your Discourse. — and as you were a saying, Sir, —

*Olin.* Sweet Sir,

*Sab.* Sister, you forget, my Mother bid you make haste.

*Olin.* VVell, go you and tell her I am coming.

*Sab.* I can never endure to be the messenger of ill news; but if you please, I'll send her word you won't come.

*Olin.* Minion, Minion, remember this.

[Exit *Olinda*.

*Sab.* She's horribly in love with you.

*Cel.* Lord, who could love that walking Steeple? She's so high that every

every time she sings to me, I am looking up for the Bell that tolls to Church. — Ha! Give me my little Fifth-rate that lies so snug. —

She! hang her, a Dutch built bottom; she's so tall, there's no boarding her. But we lose time — Madam, let me seal my love upon your mouth. [Kiss.]

Soft and sweet by Heaven! sure you wear Rose-leaves between your Lips.

Sab. Lord, Lord; VVhat's the matter with me, my breath grows so short I can scarce speak to you.

Cel. No matter, give me thy Lips again and I'll speak for thee.

Sab. You don't love me. —

Cel. I warrant thee; sit down by me and kiss again. —

She warms faster than *Pygmalion's* Image. [Aside.]

[Kiss.] — I marry Sir, this was the original use of Lips; talking, eating, and drinking came in by th' by. —

Sab. May pray be civil; will you be at quiet?

Cel. VVhat would you have me sit still and look upon you like a little Puppy-dog that's taught to beg with his fore-leg up?

*Enter Florimel.*

Flor. Celadon the faithful! in good time Sir. —

Cel. In very good time *Florimel*; for Heavens sake help me quickly.

Flor. VVhat's the matter?

Cel. Do you not see! here's a poor Gentlewoman in a swoon! (swoon away!) I have been rubbing her this half hour, and cannot bring her to her senses.

Flor. Alas, how came she so?

Cel. Oh barbarous! do you stay to ask questions run for charity.

Flor. Help, help, alas poor Lady. — [Exit Flor.]

Sab. Is she gone?

Cel. I, thanks be to my wit that helpt me at a pinch;

I thank Heaven, I never pump't for a lye in all my life yet.

Sab. I am afraid you love her, *Celadon*!

Cel. Only as a civil acquaintance or so, but however to avoid slander you had best be gone before she comes again.

Sab. I can find a tongue as well as she. —

Cel. I, but the truth is, I am a kind of scandalous person, and for you to be seen in my company — Stay in the walks, by this kiss I'll be with you presently. — [Exit Sab.]

*Enter Florimel, running.*

Flor. Help, help, I can find no body.

Cel. 'Tis needless now my dear, she's recover'd, and gone off, but so wan and weakly. — [Exit Flor.]

Flor. Umh! I begin to smell a Rat, what was your business here, Celadon?  
Cel. Charity, Christian Charity: you saw I was labouring for life with her.

Flor. But how came you hither? not that I care this, — but only to be satisfied ——— Sing. ———

Cel. You are jealous in my Conscience.

Flor. VVho I jealous? Then I with this sigh may be the last that ever I may draw. ——— [Sigh.]

Cel. But why do you sigh then?

Flor. Nothing but a cold, I cannot fetch my breath well. ———

But what will you say if I wrote the Letter you had, to try your faith?

Cel. Hey day! This is just the Devil and the Sinner: you lay snares for me, and then punish me for being taken: here's trying a man's Faith indeed: VVhat do you think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay, and you go to tantalize a man, ——— 'gad I love upon the square, I can endure no tricks to be used to me.

Olinda, and Sabina, at the door peeping.

Olinda. Sab. Celadon, Celadon!

Flor. VVhat voices are those?

Cel. Some Camerades of mine that call me to play ——— [Aside.]  
Pox on 'em till they spoil all ———

Flor. Pray let's see 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em Tatterdemallions, they are not worth your sight: pray Gentlemen be gone, I'll be with you immediately.

Sab. No, we'll stay here for you.

Flor. Do your Gentlemen speak with treble voices? I am resolv'd to see what Company you keep.

Cel. Nay, good my Dear. ———

He lays hold of her to pull her back: she lays hold of Olinda, by whom Sabina holds her, as she is pulling they all come in.

Flor. Are these your Camerades?

[Sings.] 'Tis Strephon calls, what would my love?  
VVhy do not you roar out like a great Bala-vyal, Come follow to the Myrtle grove. Pray Sir, which of these fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the courtesie, for it were unconfomable to leave you to them both: what, a man's but a man you know.

Olinda. The Gentlemen may find an owner.

Sab. Though not of you.

Flor. Pray agree whose the lost sheep is, and take him.

Cel. Slife they'll cry one another, and tell my mask.

Flor. Troth I pity your Higness there, I perceive he has left you for the little one: Methinks he should have been afraid to break his neck when

he fall so high as from you to her. — I shall not mind it. —

Sub. Well my drolling Lady, I may be wench with you. —

Flor. Not this ten years by the growth, yet.

Sub. Can flesh and blood endure this?

Flor. How now, my Amazon in decimo sexto?

Olin. Do you affront my Sister?

Flor. O, but thou art so tall, I think I shall never affront thee.

Sub. Come away Sister, we shall be jeer'd to Death else.

Flor. Why do you look that way, you can't forbear jeering after the

forbidden fruit. — But when I take a VVenchers word

ingallyt, — I cannot but be angry. —

Sub. A VVenchers word? why should you speak so contemptibly

of the better half of Mankind? I'll stand up for the honour of my

Sex. —

Flor. You are in no fault I warrant. —

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the lie, I am in fault; — but other-

wife. — Come let us be friends, and let me wait on you to your

Lodgings. —

Flor. This impudence shall not save you from my Table Book.

Sub. A Month more for this fault. —

1. Souldier within. Stand. —

2. Souldier. Stand, give the word. —

Cel. Now what's the meaning of this troop, guards set?

1. Souldier. Give the word, or you cannot pass; there are they, Bro-

thers, let's in and seize 'em. —

2. Souldier. — Down with him. —

3. Souldier. Down with him. —

Cel. How now Rascals! —

Sub. [Draws and beats one off, and catches the other.

Cel. Ask your life you Villain. —

2 Souldier. Quarter, quarter. —

Cel. Was ever such an insolence?

Sould. We did but our duty; here we were set to take a Gentleman

and Lady, that would steal a marriage without the Queens consent, and

we thought you had been they. —

Flor. Your Cousin Philocles and the Princess Caudice, on my life? for

I heard the Queen give private Orders to *Lisimachus*, and name them

twice or thrice. —

Cel. I know a score or two of Madcaps here hard by, whom I can pick

up from Taverns and Gaming houses, and Bordels, those I'll bring to aid

him. — Now Florinda, there's an argument for wenching, where would

you



you have had so many honest men together upon the sudden for a brave employment?

*Flor.* You'll leave me then to take my fortune?

*Cel.* No; if you will, I'll have you into the places aforesaid, and enter you into good company.

*Flor.* Thank you Sir, here's a key will let me through this back-door to my own Lodgings.

*Cel.* If I come off with life, I'll see you this evening, if not—  
*Adieu Florimel.*

*Flor.* If you come not I shall conclude you are kill'd, or taken: to be hang'd for a Rebel to morrow morning—and then I'll honour your memory with a Lampoon instead of an Epitaph.

*Cel.* No no, I trust better in my Fate: I know I am refer'd to do you a Courtesie.

*As Florimel is unlocking the door to go out, Flavia opens it against her, and enters to her followed by a Page.*

*Flav.* *Florimel*, do you hear the news?

*Flor.* I guess they are in pursuit of *Philoles*.

*Flav.* When *Lysimantes* came with the Queen's Orders, He refused to render up *Candiope*— And with some few brave friends he had about him Is forcing of his way through all the Guards.

*Flor.* A gallant fellow, Plin, will you with me? Hark, the noise comes this way!

*Flav.* I have a message from the Queen to *Lysimantes*. I hope I may be safe among the Spouldiers.

*Flor.* Oh very safe, perhaps some honest fellow in the tumult may take pity of thy Maiden-head, or so—  
*Adieu.*

*Page 1.* The noise comes nearer, Madam. *[Exit Florimel.]*

*Flav.* I am glad on't: this message gives me the opportunity of speaking privately with *Lysimantes*.

*Enter Philoles, and Candiope, with three friends, pursued by Lysimantes, and Souldiers.*

*Lys.* What is it renders you thus obstinate? you have no hope of flight, and to resist is full as vain.

*Phil.* I'll die rather than yield her up.

*Flav.* My Lord!

*Lys.* How now, some new message from the Queen?

*(To Souldiers.)* Retire a while to a convenient distance.

*[Lysimantes, and Flavia whisper.]*

*Lys.* O Flavia, 'tis impossible! the Queen in love with *Philoles*!

**Flav.** I have suspected it before, but now, you have made my  
My Ears and Eyes are witnesses, ———  
This hour I over-heard her to ———  
Making such sad complaints of her head face! I'll  
For my part I believe you lead him back  
But to his Coronation.

**Lys.** Hell take him first.

**Flav.** Presently after this she call'd for me! ———  
And bid me run, and with strict care command you ———  
On peril of your life he had no harm to do! ———  
But, Sir, she spoke it with so great concernment,  
Me thought I saw love, anger, and despair  
All combating at once upon her face.

**Lys.** Tell the Queen — I know not what, I am distracted to ———  
But go and leave me to my thoughts! ———  
Was such such amazing news ———  
Told in so strange and critical a manner ———  
What shall I do!

Does she love *Philocles*, who loves not here ———  
And loves not *Lysistratus*, who prefers her ———  
Above his life! what rests but that I take  
This opportunity, which herself has  
Has given me, to kill this happy Rival! ———  
Assist me Souldiers.

**Phil.** They shall buy me dearly.

**Cond.** Ah me, unhappy Maid!

**Enter Celadon, with his Friends, and a great number of Souldiers.**

**Cel.** Courage my noble Cousin, I have brought  
A band of Blades, the bravest youth of *Syracuse* ———  
Some drunk some sober, all resoly'd to run  
Your fortune to the utmost. Fall on mad Boys ———

**Lys.** Hold a little, ———  
I'm not secure of victory against these desperate Ruffians ———  
**Cel.** No, but I secure you, they shall cut your throat for such another  
word of 'em. Ruffians quoth a! call Gamesters, Whore-masters, and  
Drunkards, Ruffians!

**Lys.** Pray Gentlemen fall back a little ———

**Cel.** O ha, are they Gentlemen now with you!  
Speak first to your Gentlemen Souldiers to retire, and then  
I'll speak to my Gentlemen Ruffians.

[**Cel. Sings to his party**] — There's your disciplin'd men now. ———  
[**They sing and the Souldiers retire on both sides.**]

Come

Come Gentlemen, let's lose no time, while they are talking, but have  
one merry mayn before we sleep.

1. Agreed, here's my Cloak for a Table.

2. And my Hat for a Box.

*Lyf.* Suppose I killed him, the Queen the more I love.

*Phil.* I would but exasperate the Queen the more I love.

He loves not her, nor knows he she.

A sudden thought is come into my head.

So to contrive it, that this Philostrate,

And these his friends shall bring to pass,

Which I could never compass.

A point of honour; but then her usage to me,

Pray, *Philostrate*, command your Soldiers,

As I will mine: I've somewhat to propose,

Which you perhaps may like.

*Cand.* I will not leave him.

*Lyf.* 'Tis my desire you should.

*Phil.* Cousin, lend off your friends.

*Gel.* One word in your Ear, Couz. Let us advise you.

make your own conditions, or never.

fober Rogues, they can never stand before you.

*Lyf.* Suppose some Friend e'r night,

Should bring you to possess all your desire,

And not so only, but secure forever,

The Nations happiness.

*Phil.* I would think of him, and die for you.

As some God or Angel.

*Lyf.* That God or Angel you and I may be.

We have betwixt us

An hundred men; the Cittadel you govern.

What were it now to seize the Queen?

*Phil.* O impiety! to seize the Queen?

To seize her, said you?

*Lyf.* The word might be too rough.

*Phil.* Vvas this your proposition,

And had you none to make it to?

*Lyf.* Pray hear me out e'r I say more.

I would not the least violence were offer'd

Her person; too small grants is all I ask,

To make me happy in her self; and you

In your *Candiope*.

*Cand.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Lyf.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Phil.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Lyf.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Phil.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Lyf.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Phil.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Lyf.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Phil.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

*Lyf.* And will not you do this, my *Philostrate*?

Nay down my Brother speak in earnest, on a solemn Oath, let me know  
*Phil.* Int'rest makes all seem as it is, that leads to nothing good  
 Int'rest that does the zeal of Sects increase,  
 To purge a Church, and to reform a State.

*Lyf.* In short, the Queen hath sent to part you two;  
 What more she means to her I know not.

*Phil.* To her! alas! why will not you protect her?

*Lyf.* With you I can; but what's my power alone?

*Cand.* You know she loves me not; you lately heard her;  
 How she insulted over me, how she  
 Despis'd that Beauty which you say I have;  
 I see the purposes my death.

*Phil.* Why do you fight me with it?

'Tis in your Brothers pow'r to let us scape,  
 And then you run no danger.

*Lyf.* True, I may;

But then my head must pay the forfeit of it.

*Phil.* O wretched *Philotes*, whither would love

Hurry thee headlong?

*Lyf.* Cease these exclamations;

There's no danger on your side; she but to  
 Live without my Sister, resolve that

And you have shot the Gulf.

*Phil.* To live without her! is that nothing, think you?

The damn'd in Hell endure no greater pain,  
 Than seeing Heaven from far with hopeless Eyes.

*Cand.* *Candiope* must die, and die for you;  
 See it not unreveng'd at least.

*Phil.* Ha! unreveng'd! on whom should I revenge it?

But yet she dies, and I may hinder it;

'Tis I then murder my *Candiope*;

And yet should I take Arms against my Queen?

That favour'd me, rais'd me to what I am?

Alas it must not be.

*Lyf.* He cools again. *Aside.* True: she once favour'd you,

But now I am inform'd,

She is besotted on an upstart wretch;

So far, that she intends to make him Master

Both of her Crown and person.

*Phil.* Knows he that!

Then, what I dreaded most is come to pass.

I am convinc'd of the necessity;

Let us make haste to raze

That



That action from the Annals of her Reign :  
No motive but her glory could have wrought me.  
I am a Traytor to her to preserve her  
From Treason to her self; and yet I know not  
VVith what a heavy heart I must obey my heart.  
*Philotes* turns reformer : but have care I  
This fault of her strange passion take on me  
Let not the vulgar blow upon her fame.

*Lys.* I will be careful, shall we go my friend?  
*Phil.* Time wastes apace, I must be gone.  
Come my *Candiope*.

*Lys.* This ruins him for ever with the Queen.  
The odium's half his, the profit all my own.  
Those who, like me, by others help  
To make 'em sure, must dip 'em in their own.

SCENE II.

Enter *Queen* and *Asteria*.  
O my dear will I see you?  
While I conceal my love, no favour can I give you.

*Q.* No more news yet from *Philotes*?  
*Ast.* None, Madam, since *Philotes* was taken.  
*Q.* O my *Asteria*, if you lov'd me, sure  
You would say something to me of my *Philotes*.  
I could speak ever of him.

*Ast.* Madam, you commanded me no more to name him to you.  
*Q.* Then I command you now speak of nothing else :  
I charge you here, on your allegiance, tell me  
VVhat I should do with him.

*Ast.* VVhen you gave orders that he should be taken,  
You seem'd resolv'd how to dispose of him.  
*Q.* Dull *Asteria* not to know,

Mad people never think the same thing twice.  
Alas ! I'm hurried restless up and down,  
I was in anger once, and then I thought  
I had put into those !

But now a gust of love blows hard against me,  
And bears me off again.

*Ast.* Shall I sing the Song you made of *Philotes*?  
And call'd it *Secret-love*?

*Q.* Do, for that's all kindness : and I think  
I can think nothing but what I am told.

Song.

I Feed a flame within which burns as doth the sun,  
That is both pains my heart, and yet contents me;  
Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,  
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Tis he for whom I grieve, that I am thus;  
My tongue does not betray him; but my eyes  
Do so discover my pain disclose,  
But they fall silently like dew on his face.

Thus to prevent my love, I will bring news  
Of his death; the sacrifice as 'tis the fault  
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,  
Myself reward my love, though he deny it.

On his Eyes will I gaze, and there delight  
While I conceal my love, no longer  
To be more happy I dare not aspire  
Nor could I fall more low, mourning no more.

Qu. Peace: Methinks I hear the noise  
Of clashing Swords and clatt'ring Arms below.  
Enter Flavia.

Now; what news that you profit in so madly?  
Flav. Madam, the worst that can be;  
Your Guards upon the sudden are surpris'd,  
Disarm'd, some slain, all scatter'd.

Qu. By whom?  
Flav. Prince Lyfianthes, and Lord Philocles;  
Qu. It cannot be; Philocles is a Politician;  
Flav. VVhat my Eyes saw —

Qu. Pull 'em out; they are false Spectacles.  
Al. O virtue, impotent and blind as Fortune!  
VVho would be good, or pious, if this Queen  
Thy great example suffers!

Qu. Peace, Alas, accuse not virtue;  
She has but given us great occasions;  
Of showing what I am when Fortune takes me;  
Al. Philocles, to do this!

**Qu. I, Philocles,** I must confess 'twas hard  
But there's a fate in kindness  
Still to be least return'd where most 'tis given;  
VWhere's *Candiope*?

**Flav.** *Philocles* was whispering to her.

**Qu.** Hence Screech-owl; call my Guards quickly there:  
Put 'em apart in several Prisons.

Alas! I had forgot I have no Guards,  
But those which are my Jaylors,  
Never till now unhappy Queen:

The use of pow'r, till lost, is seldom known;  
Now I should strike, I find my thunder gone. [Exeunt *Qu.* and *Flavia*.

*Philocles enters, and meets Astoria going out.*

**Phil.** *Astoria!* VWhere's the Queen?

**Ast.** Ah my Lord what have you done!

I came to seek you. **Phil.** Is it from her you come?

**Ast.** No, but on her behalf: her heart's too great,  
In this low ebb of Fortune, to intreat.

**Phil.** 'Tis but a short Eclipse,  
VWhich past, a glorious day will soon ensue:  
But I would ask a favour too from you.

**Ast.** When Conquerours petition, they command:  
Those that can Captive Queens, who can withstand?

**Phil.** She, with her happiness, might mine create:  
Yet seems indulgent to her own ill fate:  
But she, in secret, hates me sure: for why

If not, should she *Candiope* deny?

**Ast.** If you dare trust my knowledge of her mind,  
She has no thoughts of you that are unkind.

**Phil.** I could my sorrows with some patience bear,

Did they proceed from any one but her:  
But from the Queen! whose person I adore,  
By Duty much, by inclination more.

**Ast.** He is inclin'd already, did he know  
That she lov'd him, how would this passion grow! [Aside.]

**Phil.** That her fair hand with *Destiny* combines,  
Fate ne'er strikes deep, but when unkindness joins:  
For, to confess the secret of my mind,  
Something so tender for the Queen I find,  
That ev'n *Candiope* can scarce remove,  
And, were she lower, I should call it love.

**Ast.** She charg'd me not this secret to betray.

But best serve her if I disobey.  
For, if he loves, 'twas for her interest done  
If not, he'll keep it secret for his own.

*Phil.* Why are you in obliging me so slow?

*Asi.* The thing's of great importance you would know  
And you must first swear secret to all.

*Phil.* I swear:

*Asi.* Yet hold; your oath's too general  
Swear that *Candiope* shall never know.

*Phil.* I swear:

*Asi.* No not the Queen her self:

*Phil.* I swear: I had my hand sworn

*Asi.* You wonder why I am so cautious grown

In telling what concerns your self alone:

But spare my Vow, and guess what is my do.

That makes the Queen deny *Candiope*:

'Tis neither hate nor pride that moves her mind;

Methinks the Riddle is not hard to find:

*Phil.* You seem so great a wonder to intend,

As were, in me, a crime to apprehend:

*Asi.* 'Tis not a crime to know; but would be one

To prove ungrateful when your Duty's known.

*Phil.* Why would you thus my faith abuse!

I cannot think the Queen so ill would chuse.

But stay, now your imposture will appear:

She has her self confess'd the lov'd she where:

On some ignoble choice has play'd her heart;

One who wants quality, and more, defects:

*Asi.* This though unjust, you have no right to say.

For, if you'll rail against your self, you may

*Asi.* Dull that I was!

A thousand things now crowd my memory

That make me know it could be none but I.

Her Rage was Love: and its tempestuous flame

Like Lightning, show'd the Heaven from whence it came.

But in her kindness my own flames I feel

Have I dethron'd her then, for loving me?

I hate my self for that which I hate done.

Much more, discover'd, than I did unknown.

How does she brook her strange imprisonment?

*Asi.* As great souls should, that make their own content.

The hardest term she for your act could find

Was only this, O *Philocles*, unkind!

Then,



Then, setting free a sigh, from her fair Eyes  
She wip'd two pearls, the remnant of wild Show'rs,  
Which hung like drops upon the bells of flow'rs:  
And thank'd the Heav'n,  
Which better did, what she design'd, pursue,  
Without her crime to give her pow'r to you.

*Phil.* Hold, hold, you set my thoughts so near a Crown,  
They mount above my reach to pull them down:

Here Constancy; Ambition there does move;  
On each side Beauty, and on both sides Love.

*As.* Methinks the least you can is to receive

This love with reverence and your former leave,

*Phil.* Think but what difficulties come between!

*As.* 'Tis wond'rous difficult to love a Queen.

*Phil.* For pity cease more reasons to provide,

I am but too much yielding to your side;

And, were my heart but at my own dispose,

I should not make a scruple then to choose.

*As.* Then if the Queen will my advice approve,

Her hatred to you shall expel her love.

*Phil.* Not to be lov'd by her, as hard would be

As to be hated by *Candiope*.

*As.* I leave you to resolve while you have time;

You must be guilty, but may choose your crime.

[Exit *Astoria*.]

*Phil.* One thing I have resolv'd; and that I'll do

Both for my love, and for my honour too.

But then, (Ingratitude and falshood weigh'd,)

I know not which would most my soul upbraid.

Fate shoves me headlong down a rugged way;

Unsafe to run, and yet too steep to stay.

[Exit *Phil.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE The Court.

*Florimel in Male Habit.*

**T**VVill be rare now if I can go through with it, to out-do this mad *Celadon* in all his tricks, and get both his Mistresses from him; then I shall revenge my self upon all three, and save my own stake into the bargain; for I find I do love the Rogue in spite of all his infidelities. Yonder they are, and this way they must come. — If cloaths and a

bon meen will take 'em, I shall do't. — Save you Monsieur Florimel; Faith methinks you are a very jany fellow, ~~and as~~ as well as the best of 'em. I can manage the little Comb, — for my Hat, shake my Garniture, tofs about my empty Noddle, walk with a courant flurr, and at every step peck down my Head; — if I should be mistaken for some Courtier now, pray where's the difference?

*Enter: to bet, Celadon, Olando, Sabina.*

*Olin.* Never mince the matter.

*Sab.* You have left your heart behind with Florimel; we know it.

*Cel.* You know you wrong me; when I am with Florimel 'tis still your Prisoner, it only draws a longer chain after it.

*Flor.* Is it e'n so? then farewell poor Florimel; thy Maidenhead is condemn'd to die with thee.

*Cel.* But let's leave the discourse; 'tis all digression that does not speak of your beauties.

*Flor.* Now for me in the name of impudence, — *walk with them.* They are the greatest beauties I confess that ever I beheld.

*Cel.* How now, what's the meaning of this young fellow?

*Flor.* And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman who has the honour to be known to you should admire you, — since I that am a stranger —

*Cel.* And a very impudent one, as I take it, Sir.

*Flor.* Am so extremely surpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded and am dying all in a moment.

*Cel.* I have seen him somewhere, but where I know not; prithee my Friend leave us, dost thou think we do not know our way in Court?

*Flor.* I pretend not to instruct you in your way; you see I do not go before you! but you cannot possibly deny me the happiness to wait upon these Ladies;

*Cel.* Thee, who shalt be beaten most unmercifully if thou dost follow them!

*Flor.* You will not draw in Court I hope!

*Cel.* Pox on him, let's walk away faster, and be rid of him.

*Flor.* O take no care for me, Sir, you shall not lose me, I'll rather mend my pace, than not wait on you.

*Olin.* I begin to like this fellow.

*Cel.* You make very bold here in my Scraglio, and I shall find a time to tell you so, Sir.

*Flor.* VVhen you find a time to tell me on'e I shall find a time to answer you: But pray what do you find in your self so extraordinary, that you should serve these Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value your self upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

*Cel.* I am somewhat more a man than you.

*Flor.*

**Flor.** That is, you are so much older than I. Do you like a man ever the better for his age, Ladies?

**Sab.** VVell said, young Gentleman.

**Cel.** Pish; thee? a young raw Creature, thou hast ne'r been under the Barbers hands yet.

**Flor.** No, nor under the Surgeons neither as you have been.

**Cel.** Slife what wouldst thou be at, I am madder than thou art?

**Flor.** The Devil you said will Top with you, I'll Sing with you, I'll Dance with you, ——— I'll Swagger with you.

**Cel.** I'll fight with you. Now adieu. Out upon fighting; it is grown so common a fashion that a Modish Man contemns it; A man of Garniture and Feather is above the dispensation of the Sword.

**Olin.** Ode my life, here's the Queens Musick just going to us; you shall decide your quarrel by a Dance.

**Sab.** VVho stops the Fiddles?

**Cel.** Back and Tumble by your leaves; we amuse you at these Ladies suits.

**Flor.** Come on Sirs; play me a Jigg; You shall see how I'll baffle him.

Dance

**Flor.** Your judgement, Ladies.

**Olin.** You Sir, you Sir; This is the rarest Gentleman: I could live and die with him.

**Sab.** Lord how he sweats! please you Sir to make use of my Handkerchief.

**Olin.** You and I are merry, and just of an humour Sir; therefore we two should love one another.

**Sab.** And you and I are just of an age Sir, and therefore methinks we should not hate one another.

**Cel.** Then I perceive Ladies I am a Castaway, a Reprobate with you; why faith this is hard luck now, that I should be no less than one whole hour in getting your affections, and now must lose 'em in a quarter of it.

**Olin.** No matter, let him rail, does the loss afflict you Sir?

**Cel.** No in faith does it not; for if you had not forsaken me, I had you; so the Willows may flourish for any branches I shall rob 'em of.

**Sab.** However we have the advantage to have left you; not you us.

**Cel.** That's only a certain nimbleness in Nature you Women have to be first unconstant: but if you had not made the more haste, the wind was veering too upon my VVethercock: the best on't is, *Florinda* is worth both of you.

*Flor.* 'Tis like the 'accept of their leavings.

*Cel.* She will accept on't, and she shall accept do't; I think, I know more than you of her mind, Sir.

*Enter Meliss.*

*Mel.* Daughters, there's a poor collation within that waits for you!

*Flor.* Will you walk in my Sir?

*Cel.* No, mayr Sir; I won't not; I have surfeited of that old womans face already.

*Flor.* Begin some frolic then; what will you do for her?

*Cel.* Faith I am no Dog to show tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

*Flor.* Dare you kiss her?

*Cel.* I was never dar'd by any man. By your leave old Madam.

*[He plucks off her Kuff.]*

*Mel.* Help, help, do you discover my nakedness?

*Cel.* Peace Tisany! no harm. *[He puts on the Kuff.]*

Now Sir here's *Florimels* health to you. *[Kisses her.]*

*Mel.* Away Sir: — a sweet young man as you are to abuse the gift of Nature so.

*Cel.* Good Mother do not commend me to; I am flesh and blood, and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend person of yours.

— Come on, follow your leader. *[Gives Florimel the Kuff, she puts it on.]*

*Flor.* Stand, fair Mother.

*Cel.* What with your Hat on? lie shoul' there; — and thou too.

*[Plucks off her Hat and Perruke.]*

*[and discovers Florimel.]*

*Olyn.* Florimel!

*Flor.* My kind Mistress, how sorry I am I can do you no further service! I think I had best resign you to *Celadon* to make amends for me.

*Cel.* Lord what a misfortune it was Ladies, that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you!

*Olin.* We have lost *Celadon* too.

*Mel.* Come away; this is past enduring. *[Exeunt Mel. Olin.]*

*Sab.* Well if ever I believe a man to be a man for the sake of a Perruke and Feather again.

*Flor.* Come *Celadon*, shall we make accounts even? Lord what a hanging look was there: indeed if you had been secretant to your Mistress, or had forsworn your love, that sinners face had been but decent, but for the

venous, the innocent, the constant *Celadon*.

*Cel.* This is not very heroick in you now to insult over a man in his misfortunes;



misfortunes; but take heed, you have robb'd me of my two Mistresses; I shall grow desperately constant, and all the tempest of my love will fall upon your head: I shall so pay you.

*Flor.* VWho you, pay me! you are a bankrupt, cast beyond all possibility of recovery.

*Cel.* If I am a bankrupt I'll be a very honest one; when I cannot pay my debts, at least I'll give you up the possession of my body.

*Flor.* No, I'll deal better with you, since you are unable to pay, I'll give in your bond.

*Enter Philocles, with a Commanders Staff in his hand, Attended.*

*Phil.* Cousin I am sorry I must take you from your company about an earnest business.

*Flor.* There needs no excuse my Lord, we had dispatched our affairs, and were just parting.

*Cel.* VWill you be going, Sir, sweet Sir, dam'd Sir, I have but one word more to say to you.

*Phil.* As I am a man of Honour, I'll wait on you some other time.

*Cel.* By these Breeches.

*Flor.* VWhich if I marry you I am resolv'd to wear; put that into our bargain, and so adieu, Sir.

*Phil.* Hark you Cousin.

*Phil.* (To *Florimel*.) You'll see it exactly executed; I rely upon you.

*Cel.* I shall not fail, my Lord; may the conclusion of it prove happy to you.

*[Exit Celadon.]*

*Philocles solus.*

VWhere'er I cast about my wandering Eyes,

Greatness lies ready in some shape to tempt me,

The royal furniture in every room,

The Guards, and the huge waving crowds of people

All waiting for a sight of that fair Queen

VWho makes a present of her love to me:

Now tell me *Stroique*!

If all these with a wish might be made mine,

VWould it sth thou not truck thy rag'd virtue for 'em?

If Glory was a bait that Angels swallow'd,

How then should souls play'd to sense resist?

*Enter Candiope.*

Ah poor *Candiope*! I pity her,

But that is all.

*Cand.* O my dear *Philocles*! a thousand blessing wait on thee!

The hope of being thine, I think will put  
Me past my meat and sleep with ecstasie;  
So I shall keep the fasts of Seraphims;  
And wake for joy like Nightingals in May!

*Phil.* Wake *Philocles*, wake from thy dream of glory,  
'Tis all but shadow to *Candiope*:  
Canst thou betray a love so innocent!  
*Cand.* What makes you melancholick? I doubt  
I have displeased you?

*Phil.* No my love, I am not displeas'd with you,  
But with my self when I consider  
How little I deserve you.

*Cand.* Say not so my *Philocles*, a love so true as yours  
That would have left a Court, and a Queens favour  
To live in a poor Hermitage with me.

*Phil.* Ha! she has stung me to the quick!  
As if she knew the falsehood I intended:  
But, I thank Heav'n, it has recall'd my virtue;  
(To her) O my dear, I love you, and you only;  
Go in, I have some business for a while;  
But I think minutes ages till we meet.

*Cand.* I knew you had, but yet I could not choose  
But come and look upon you.

*Phil.* What barbarous man could wrong so sweet a virtue!

*Enter the Queen in black, with Asteria.*

Madam, the States are straight to meet; but why  
In these dark ornaments will you be seen?

*Qu.*— They fit the fortune of a Captive Queen.

*Phil.*— Deep shades are thus to heighten colours less;  
So Stars in Night, and Diamonds shine in Jet.

*Qu.* True friends should so in dark conditions shine;  
But I have no great cause to boast of mine.

*Phil.* You may have too much prejudice for some;  
And think 'em false before their trial's come.  
But, Madam, what determine you to do?

*Qu.* I came not here to be advis'd by you;  
But charge you by that pow'r which once you own'd;  
And which is still my right, ev'n when unthron'd;  
That whatsoe'r the States resolve of me,  
You never more think of *Candiope*.

*Phil.* Not think of her! ah, how should I obey!  
Her tyrant eyes have forc'd my heart away.

*Qu.* By force retake it from those tyrant eyes, or mine eye of indignity  
I'll grant you out my Letters of Reprisal.

*Phil.* She has, too well, prevented that design  
By giving me her heart in change for mine.

*Qu.* Thus foolish Indians Gold for Glass forego,  
Twas to your loss you priz'd your heart so low.

I set its value when you were advanc'd,  
And as my favours grew, its rate increas'd.

*Phil.* The rate of subjects hearts by yours must go,  
And love in yours has set the value low.

*Qu.* I stand corrected, and my self reprove,  
You teach me to repent my low plac'd love:  
Help me this passion from my heart to tear,  
Now rail on him, and I will sit and hear.

*Phil.* Madam, like you, I have repented too,  
And dare not rail on one I do not know.

*Qu.* This, *Philosoler*, like strange perverseness shows,  
As if what e'er I said, you would oppose;  
How come you thus concern'd for this unknown?

*Phil.* I only judge his actions by my own.

*Qu.* I've heard too much, and you too much have said.  
O Heav'n's, the secret of my soul's betray'd;  
He knows my love, I read it in his face,  
And blushes, conscious of his Queens disgrace.

*(To him.)* Hence quickly, hence, or I shall die with shame.

*Phil.* Now I love both, and both with equal flame.

Wretched I came, more wretched I retire,  
When two winds blow it who can quench the fire!

[Exit Phil.]

*Qu.* O my *Asteria* I know not whom to accuse;  
But either my own Eyes or you have told  
My love to *Philosoler*.

*As.* Is't possible that he should know it, Madam?

*Qu.* Me thinks you ask'd that question guiltily.

*Her Hand on's* Confess, for I will know, what was the subject of your

*As.* shoulder. long discourse

I ch' Antichamber with him.

*As.* It was business to convince him, Madam.

How ill he did, being so much oblig'd  
To joyn in your imprisonment.

*Qu.* Nay, now I am confirm'd my thought was true;  
For you could give him no such reason  
Of his obligations as my love.

*As.* Because I saw him much a Malecontent,

H

I thought

I thought to win him to your interest, Madam,  
By telling him it was no want of kindness  
Made your refusal of *Candiop*.  
And he perhaps —

*Qu.* What of him now?

*As.* As men are apt, interpreted my words  
To all th' advantage he could wrest the sense,  
As if I meant you lov'd him.

*Qu.* Have I despoised within thy breast  
The dearest treasure of my life, my glory,  
And hast thou thus betray'd me?  
But why do I accuse thy female weakness  
And not my own for trusting thee?  
Unhappy Queen, *Philocles* knows thy fondness,  
And needs must think it done by thy Command.

*As.* Dear Madam, think not so.

*Qu.* Peace, peace, thou shouldst for ever hold thy tongue.  
For it has spoke too much for all thy life.

Then *Philocles* has told *Candiop*,  
And courts her kindness with his scorn of me.  
O whither am I fallen! But I must rouse my self, and give a stop  
To all these ills by headlong passion caus'd;  
In hearts resolv'd weak love is put to flight,  
And only conquers when we dare not fight.  
But we indulge our harms, and while he gains  
An entrance, please our selves into our pains.

*Enter. Lyfimautes.*

*As.* Prince *Lyfimautes*, Madam!

*Qu.* Come near you poor deluded criminal.  
See how ambition cheats you:  
You thought to find a Prisoner here,  
But you behold a Queen.

*Lyf.* And may you long be so: 'tis true this Act  
May cause some wonder in your Majesty.

*Qu.* None, Cousin; none; I ever thought you  
Ambitious, Proud, designing.

*Lyf.* Yet all my Pride, Designs, and my Ambition  
Were taught me by a Master  
With whom you are not unacquainted, Madam.

*Qu.* Explain your self; dark purposes, like yours,  
Need an interpretation.

*Lyf.* 'Tis love I mean.



*Qu.* Have my low fortunes giv'n thee  
This insolence to name it to thy *Queen*?

*Lys.* Yet you have heard love nam'd without offence,  
As much below you as you think my passion;  
I can look down on yours.

*Qu.* Does he know it too?  
This is th' extreamest malice of my Stars!

*Lys.* You see, that Princess faults,  
(Howe'r they think 'em safe from publick view)  
Fly out through the dark crannies of their Closets:  
VVe know what the Sun does,  
Ev'n when we see him not in t'other world.

*Qu.* My actions, Cousin, never fear'd the light:

*Lys.* Produce him then, your darling of the dark,  
For such an one you have.

*Qu.* I know no such.

*Lys.* You know, but will not own him.

*Qu.* Rebels ne'r want pretence to blacken Kings,  
And this, it seems, is yours: do you produce him  
Or ne'r hereafter fully my Renown  
VWith this asperion: — Sure he dares not name him —

*Lys.* I am too tender of your fame; or else:  
Nor are things brought to that extremity:  
Provided you accept my passion,  
I'll gladly yield to think I was deceiv'd.

*Qu.* Keep in your error still; I will not buy  
Your good opinion at so deare a rate,  
As my own misery by being yours.

*Lys.* Do not provoke my patience by such scorn,  
For fear I break through all and name him to you.

*Qu.* Hope not to fright me with your mighty looks;  
Know I dare stem that tempest in your brow,  
And dash it back upon you.

*Lys.* Spight of prudence it will out: 'Tis *Philocles*.  
Now judge, when I was made a property  
To cheat my self by making him your Prisoner,  
VWhether I had not right to take up Arms?

*Qu.* Poor envious wretch!  
VWas this the venome that swell'd up thy breast?  
My grace to *Philocles* misdeem'd my love.

*Lys.* 'Tis true, the Gentleman is innocent;  
He ne'r sinn'd up so high, not in his wishes;  
You know he loves elsewhere.

*Qu.* You mean your Sister.

*Lys.* I wish some Sibyl now would tell me

Why you refus'd her to him.

*Qu.* Perhaps I did not think him worthy of her;

*Lys.* Did you not think him too worthy, Madam?

This is too thin a vail to hide your passion,

To prove you love him not; yet give her him;

And I'll engage my honour to lay down my Arms.

*Qu.* He is arriv'd where I would wish you

Call in the company and you shall see what I will do.

*Lys.* Who waits without there? ———

*Qu.* Now hold, my heart, for this one act of honour,

And I will never ask more courage of thee;

Once more I have the means to re-inflate my self into my glory;

I feel my love to *Philocles* within me

Shrink, and pull back my heart from this hard trial;

But it must be when glory says it must;

As children wading from some Rivers bank

First try the water with their tender feet;

Then shuddering up with cold, step back again,

And freight a little further venture on,

Till at the last they plunge into the deep;

And pass at once, what they were doubting long;

I'll make the same experiment; it shall be done in haste,

Because I'll put it past my pow'r to undo.

*Enter at one door Lysimantes, at the other Philocles, Celadon,*

*Candiopé, Florimel, Flavia, Olinda, Sabina; the*

*three Deputies and Soldiers.*

*Lys.* In Arms! is all well, *Philocles*?

*Phil.* No, but it shall be.

*Qu.* He comes, and with him

The Favour of my Love returns to shake me.

I see love is not banish'd from my Soul;

He is still there, but is chain'd up by glory.

*As.* You've made a noble conquest, Madam.

*Qu.* Come hitber, *Philocles*: I am first to tell you.

I and my Cousin are agreed, he has

Engag'd to lay down Arms:

*Phil.* 'Tis well for him he has; for all his party

By my command already are surpris'd,

While I was talking with your Majesty.

*Cel.* Yes, faith I have done him that courtesies.

I brought

I brought his followers, under pretence of guarding it, to a strait place where they are all coupt up without use of their Arms, and may be pelted to death by the small infantry o're the town.

*Qu.* 'Twas more than I expected, or could hope;

Yet still I thought your meaning honest.

*Phil.* My fault was rashness, but 'twas full of zeal:

Nor had I e'r been led to that attempt,

Had I not seen it would be done without me:

But by compliance I preserv'd the pow'r

VVhich I have since made use of for your service.

*Qu.* And which I purpose so to recompence.

*Lys.* VVith her Crown she means; I knew't would come to'r. [*Aside.*]

*Phil.* O Heaven's, she'll own her love!

Then I must lose *Candiope* for ever,

And floating in a vast abyss of glory,

Seek and not find my self!

*Qu.* Take your *Candiope*; and be as happy

As love can make you both: — how pleas'd I am

That I can force my tongue

To speak words so far distant from my heart! — [*Aside.*]

*Cand.* My happiness is more than I can utter!

*Lys.* Methinks I could do violence on my self for taking Arms

Against a Queen so good, so bountiful:

Give me leave, Madam, in my ecstasie

Of joy, to give you thanks for *Philocles*.

You have preserv'd my friend, and now he owes not

His fortunes only to your favour; but:

VVhat's more, his life, and more than that, his love:

I am convinc'd, she never lov'd him now;

Since by her free consent, all force remov'd

She gives him to my Sister.

*Flavia* was an Impostor and deceiv'd me.

*Phil.* As for me, Madam, I can only say

That I beg respite for my thanks; for on a sudden,

The benefit's so great it overwhelms me.

*As.* Mark but the faintness of th' acknowledgement. [*To the Qu. aside.*]

*Qu. to As.* I have observ'd it with you, and am pleas'd.

He seems not satisfy'd; for I still wish

That he may love me.

*Phil.* I see *Asteria* deluded me

VVith flattering hopes of the Queens love

Only to draw me off from *Lysimantus*:

But I will think no more on't.

I'm going to possess *Candice*,  
 And I am ravish'd with the joy on't! ha!  
 Not ravish'd neither.  
 For what can be more charming than that *Queen*!  
 Behold how night fits lovely on her Eye-brows,  
 VVhile day breaks from her Eyes! then a Crown too:  
 Lost, lost, for ever lost, and now 'tis gone,  
 'Tis beautiful. ———

*As.* How he Eyes you still! ———

[*Aside.*  
*To the Queen.*

*Phil.* Sure I had one of the fallen Angels Dreams;  
 All Heav'n within this hour was mine! ———

[*Aside.*

*Cand.* VVhat is it that disturbs you Dear?

*Phil.* Only the greatness of my joy:  
 I've ta'ne too strong a Cordial, love,  
 And cannot yet digest it.

[*Qu. Clapping her hand on Asteria*] 'Tis done! but this pang more,  
 and then a glorious birth.

The tumults of this day, my loyal subjects,  
 Have settled in my heart a resolution,  
 Happy for you, and glorious too for me.  
 First for my Cousin, though attempting on my person,  
 He has incur'd the danger of the Laws,  
 I will not punish him.

*Lys.* You bind me ever to my loyalty.

*Qu.* Then that I may oblige you more to it,  
 I here declare you rightful successor,  
 And Heir immediate to my Crown:  
 This, Gentlemen, ———

[*To the Deputies.*

I hope will still my subjects' discontents,  
 VVhen they behold succession firmly settled.

[*Deputies*] Heav'n preserve your Majesty.

*Qu.* As for my self I have resolv'd  
 Still to continue as I am, unmarried  
 The cares, observances, and all the duties  
 VVhich I should pay an Husband, I will place  
 Upon my people; and our mutual love  
 Shall make a blessing more than Conjugal.  
 And this the States shall ratify.

*Lys.* Heav'n bear me witness that I take no joy  
 In the succession of a Crown  
 VVhich must descend to me so sad a way.

*Qu.* Cousin, no more; my resolution's past,  
 VVhich fate shall never alter.

*Phil.*



*Phil.* Then I am once more happy :  
For since none possess her, I am pleas'd  
VVith my own choice, and will desire no more.  
For multiplying wishes is a curse  
That keep the mind still painfully awake.

*Qu. Celadon,*  
Your care and loyalty have this day oblig'd me !  
But how to be acknowledging I know not,  
Unless you give the means.

*Cel.* I was in hope your Majesty had forgot me ; therefore if you please,  
Madam, I only beg a pardon for having taken up Arms once to day a-  
gainst you ; for I have a foolish kind of Conscience, which I wish many  
of your Subjects had, that will not let me ask a recompence for my loyalty,  
when I know I have been a Rebel.

*Qu.* Your Modesty shall not serve the turn ; ask something.

*Cel.* Then I beg, Madam, you will command *Florimel* never to be  
Friends with me.

*Flor.* Ask again ; I grant that without the Queen : but why are you  
afraid on't ?

*Cel.* Because I am sure as soon as ever you are, you'll marry me.

*Flor.* Do you fear it ?

*Cel.* No, 'twill come with a fear.

*Flor.* If you do, I will not stick with you for an Oath.

*Cel.* I require no Oath till we come to Church ; and then after the  
Priest, I hope, for I find it will be my destiny to marry thee.

*Flor.* If ever I say word after the black Gentleman for thee *Celadon*—

*Cel.* Then I hope you'll give me leave to bestow a faithful heart else-  
where.

*Flor.* I but if you would have one you must bespeak it, for I am sure  
you have none ready made.

*Cel.* VVhat say you, shall I marry *Flavia* ?

*Flor.* No, she'll be too cunning for you.

*Cel.* VVhat say you to *Olinde* then ? she's tall, and fair, and bonny.

*Flor.* And foolish, and Apish, and sickle.

*Cel.* But *Sabina*, there's pretty, and young, and loving, and in-  
nocent.

*Flor.* And dwarfish, and childish, and fond, and flippant : if you  
marry her Sister you will get May-poles, and if you marry her you will  
get Fairies to dance about them.

*Cel.* Nay then the case is clear, *Florimel* ; if you take 'em all from me,  
'tis because you reserve me for your self.

*Flor.* But this marriage is such a Bugbear to me : much might be if we  
could invent but any way to make it easie.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* Some foolish people have made it uneasy, by drawing the knot faster than they need; but we that are wiser will loosen it a little.

*Flor.* 'Tis true indeed, there's some difference betwixt a Girdle and a Halter.

*Cel.* As for the first year, according to the laudable custom of new married people, we shall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we shall never have enough of one another.—— So far 'tis pleasant enough I hope.

*Flor.* But after that, when we begin to live like Husband and Wife, and never come near one another——what then Sir?

*Cel.* Why then our only happiness must be to have one mind, and one will, *Florimel*.

*Flor.* One mind if thou wilt; but prithee let us have two wills; for I find one will be little enough for me alone. But how if those wills should meet and clash, *Celadon*?

*Cel.* I warrant thee for that: Husbands and Wives keep their wills far enough asunder for ever meeting: one thing let us be sure to agree on, that is, never to be jealous.

*Flor.* No; but e'n love one another as long as we can; and confess the truth when we can love no longer.

*Cel.* When I have been at play, you shall never ask me what money I have lost.

*Flor.* When I have been abroad you shall never enquire who treated me.

*Cel.* Item, I will have the liberty to sleep all night, without your interrupting my repose for any evil design whatsoever.

*Flor.* Item, Then you shall bid me good night before you sleep.

*Cel.* Provided always, that whatever liberties we take with other people, we continue very honest to one another.

*Flor.* As far as will consist with a pleasant life.

*Cel.* Lastly, whereas the names of Husband and Wife hold forth nothing, but clashing and cloying, and dulness and faintness in their signification; they shall be abolish'd for ever betwixt us.

*Flor.* And instead of those, we will be married by the more agreeable names of Mistress and Gallant.

*Cel.* None of my privilege to be infring'd by thee *Florimel*, under the penalty of a month of Fasting nights.

*Flor.* None of my privileges to be infring'd by thee *Celadon*, under the penalty of Cuckoldom.

*Cel.* VVell, if it be my fortune to be made a Cuckold, I had rather thou shouldst make me one than any one in *Sicily*: and for my comfort I shall have thee oftner than any of thy servants.

*Flor.* La ye now, is not such a marriage as good as wenching, *Celadon*?

*Cel.*

*Col.* This is very good, but not so good, *Florimel*.

*Qu.* Now let me forward to th' Assembly.

You promise Confin your consent?

*Lys.* But most unwillingly.

*Qu.* *Philotes*, I must beg your voice too.

*Phil.* Most joyfully I give it.

*Lys.* Madam but one word more; — since you are so resolv'd,

That you may see, bold as my passion was,

'Twas only for your person not your Crown.

I swear no second love

Shall violate the flame I had for you,

But in strict imitation of your Oath

I vow a single life.

*Qu.* To *Astoria*.] Now, my *Astoria*, my joys are full:

The pow'rs above that see:

The innocent love I bear to *Philotes*,

Have giv'n its due reward: for by this means

The right of *Eysmauter* will devolve

Upon *Candiope*; and I shall have

This great content, to think, when I am dead

My Crown may fall on *Philotes* his head.

*Exeunt omnes.*

EPITOLUE.

# EPILOGUE.

Written by a Person of Honour.

O UR Poet something doubtful of his Fate  
Made choice of me to be his Advocate,  
Relying on my Knowledge in the Laws,  
And I as boldly undertook the Cause,  
I left my Client yonder in a rant  
Against the envious, and the ignorant,  
Who are, he says, his only Enemies:  
But he contemns their malice, and desires  
The sharpest of his Censurers to say  
Where there is one gross fault in all his Play.  
The language is so fitted for each part,  
The Plot according to the Rules of Art;  
And twenty other things he bid me tell you,  
But I cry'd on go do't your self for Nelly.  
Reason with Judges, urg'd in the defence  
Of those they would condemn, is insolence;  
I therefore wave the merits of his Play,  
And think it fit to plead this safer way.  
If when too many in the purchase share  
Robbing's not worth the danger nor the care;  
The men of business, must in Policy,  
Cherish a little harmless Poetry. }  
All wit wou'd else grow up to Knavery. }  
Wit is a Bird of Musick, or of Prey,  
Mounting she strikes at all things in her way.  
But if this Birdlime once but touch her wings,  
On the next bush she sits her down, and sings.  
I have but one word more; tell me I Pray  
What you will get by damning of our Play?  
A whipt Fanatick who does not recant



Is by his Brethren call'd a suff'ring Saint ;  
And by your hands shou'd this poor Poet die  
Before he does renounce his Poetry,  
His death must needs confirm the party more  
Than all his scribbling life could do before :  
Where so much zeal does in a Seſt appear,  
'Tis to no purpose, 'faith, to be severe.  
But t'other day I heard this rhyming Fop  
Say, Criticks were the Whips, and he the Top ;  
For, as a Top spins the more you baste her,  
So every lash you give, he writes the faster.

---

FINIS.

---